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Edward Bouverie Pusey was born on August 22, 1800. He was the descendant of a Walloon family, one of whose members, Lawrence Bouverie, fled from his home—at Sainghin, near Lille—and persecution in 1542, first to Frankfurt and then to England. His son Edward married at Cologne a Flemish lady whose grandfather Tiberkin was burnt, and drawn to the stake by his own coach-horses. Pusey liked to think of the conscientious consistency of

both Lawrence and Tiberkin, and tried to hope the best of their orthodoxy. Lawrence founded a family of Turkey merchants, which rose first to a baronetcy and then to a peerage, and claimed to be connected with namesakes who had distinguished themselves in opposition to the Valois Dukes of Burgundy, at Liege, and in their service at Bruges. Philip Bouverie, the youngest son of Viscount Folkestone, commended himself to the affectionate choice of the heiresses of the ancient house of Pusey, which had protracted a useful and creditable existence from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century on the "eye" once surrounded by marshes on the outskirts of the Vale of the White Horse. It is not impossible that they were descended from a Gilbert who came over with the Conqueror and supplanted Alured, an Englishman, in possession of a manor, granted, if so be, in the days of Canute to be held by the tenure of the Pusey horn.

Philip Bouverie Pusey was himself a remarkable man, so devoted to his mother that, when she had vetoed one marriage to which he was inclined, he remained single till her death and long afterwards—in fact, till he was fifty-two, when he married Lady Lucy, the relict of Sir Thomas Cave and the daughter of Lord Harborough, an amiable and rather silly peer, who lay in bed on her wedding day rather than give her away a second time. She, too, was memorable. Her son Edward always maintained that she had taught him in essentials all he knew of religion. His father was very masterful and, in proportion to his means, a great almsgiver, and such a strong Conservative that he long delayed the marriage of his eldest son, Philip, with Lady Emily Herbert, because the Carnarvon family then counted as Liberals and had actually supported Queen Caroline. We are not told why Mr. Pusey objected to his second son's attachment to Miss Barker, the daughter of John Raymond Barker, of Fairford Hall, which the elder brother detected as early as 1818, nor why the lady's family objected too, even when Mr. Pusey withdrew his objection in 1827. Pusey would have been sickly in any case; he suffered a good deal at Eton from shyness and unfitness for games, though his generosity and simplicity seem to have made him as nearly popular as was possible under the circumstances. That his deep affections were thwarted on the threshold of manhood left a permanent trace upon his character. When he travelled on the Continent—which his father, after some hesitation, allowed—he saw everything with the eyes of Byron: he even thought of giving up his degree, but was, of course, too dutiful to do it. When he entered for a fellowship at Oriel in 1813 he very nearly retired in despair, though he might have known that he could reckon on the influence of Keble, who had been immensely impressed by his translation of Pindar when he went up for his degree.

Before his election he had already become involved in religious controversy. An intimate school friend, who is to go down to posterity as Z, had been bitten by the lucubrations of Dupuis, an eccentric French

savant who had the honesty to vote against the execution of Louis XVI., and in 1794 published a crazy key to all mythologies (including Christianity), on the hypothesis that they were explanations of historic or prehistoric zodiacs. Z expected to convert Pusey, and, failing this, persuaded himself that Pusey's answer to Dupuis would do more for truth than his adhesion. Dupuis died in 1801, deservedly forgotten; but Pusey could not forget. When he went to Germany in 1825, he wanted to arm himself to refute Dupuisianism as well as to master the untranslated portion of the works of Lessius, then the latest and, as he hoped, the ripest of apologists. In the interval between his degree and his first visit to Germany he was chiefly influenced by Dr. Lloyd, the Regius Professor of Divinity, who retained his post after his appointment to the Bishopric of Oxford. A hint from him sent Pusey to Germany, and interrupted his intercourse with John Henry Newman, before friendship could ripen into intimacy. Newman, as is known, had passed rapidly from questioning patronage to affectionate veneration: we hear nothing of what Pusey thought at this stage of Newman.

Dr. Lloyd was in earnest both about religion and knowledge, and it was an honour for Pusey to be his favourite pupil. Lloyd's high opinion of him did much to secure him the Chair of Hebrew, but it does not seem that he did anything to guide his pupil. Pusey discovered for himself very early that the Old Testament was the weak point of orthodoxy: his orthodoxy was even then of a kind to take alarm at Eichhorn, who regarded himself as "too orthodox," because he still maintained the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch while making fun of Balaam's ass. But what really influenced Pusey in Germany was the religious reaction against the Aufklärung: it had not yet divided its strength between the ultra-confessional party and the school of neo-pietists which ranged from Schleiermacher to Neander. The one fact which struck Pusey in a very complicated situation was that the elder Rationalists were in a real sense the heirs of the fossil orthodoxy of the sixteenth century: they had not started with anything like a revolt against the traditional view of the Bible, they supposed themselves to be defending its authority by explaining it rationally and historically. It is equally true that the elder Latitudinarians in England were docile to ecclesiastical authority in matters of practice, and were rewarded by being indulged in many liberties in the sphere of transcendental theory. Pusey had certainly reason to suspect that the old orthodox school of Herbert Marsh, who detected eight documents more or less in the Synoptic Gospels and tried to exclude Calvinists from ordination by eighty questions, would lapse easily into Rationalism with the progress of knowledge. But he was too respectful to authority to say so, and consequently people were much puzzled by his fervid reply to H. J. Rose, who maintained—quite falsely—that German theologians, who for two centuries and a half had been rigidly orthodox, had fallen into rationalism for want of bishops. Probably the un-

mistakable learning and piety with which Pusey beat the air, so far as could be seen on the Liberal side, was rather favourable to his career than otherwise; and he derived help and stimulus from his intimate friendship with Tholuck, who after a fit of school-boy infidelity had experienced an evangelical conversion.

Pusey retained a good many of the Liberal superstitions. When, at last, he was engaged to Miss Barker, he told her that her namesake St. Catharine, of Siena, was certainly hysterical, he hoped not an impostor. He lived, of course, to regret the suspicion; but it was something to have discovered that, sincere or insincere, inspired or hysterical, she was certainly prompted and used. He reproached himself a good deal in after life for having been full at this period of unripe ambitions. If so, he was soon to do heavy penance for them. It was fashionable at the time to assume that comparative Semitic philology was the key to the problems of Biblical exegesis. He laboriously mastered Arabic; and when he had returned to Oriel and married, and Lloyd had secured his appointment to the Hebrew professorship, he found that the first serious task awaiting him was to complete his predecessor's Catalogue of the Arabic MSS. at the Bodleian. The performance occupied him for seven years, and we are assured that it placed him in the first rank of contemporary Arabists: he rose morning after morning to his task, and was tempted to envy a bricklayer.

Before he obtained the Hebrew professorship, Pusey had co-operated with Newman, in appointing Hawkins to be Provost of Oriel, though Keble half desired the position in his coy way. Both from their own point of view made a mistake, the less excusable because they venerated Keble before they had read the *Christian Year*. Pusey never ceased to regret it: Newman thought it a *felix culpa*, which made the Oxford Movement possible. But Pusey dated the Oxford Movement from the publication of the *Christian Year*, Newman from the Sermon on National Apostacy. For the first three years Pusey (though he contributed a Tract on Fasting) was forced to stand aside. He was chained to his Catalogue. When he was set free, Newman was thinking of giving up the Tracts: they were not selling well; he was out of spirits and out of breath. Pusey's voluminous Tract on Baptism, which made up three numbers of the series, gave him a breathing space. It marked an epoch in the series and in the author's life. There are several characteristic things about it. The first edition of the first part was 49 pages, the second was 400; though the author only knew the Fathers through indices, he already trusted them fully; he insisted that the benefits of baptism were known by faith, and he was surprised that to most of the school, who thought that the benefits of conversion (which, according to him, the baptised ought not to need) were known by experience, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration appeared in the light of a soul-destroying heresy. Indeed, through all his long and full life (except, perhaps, in his early controversy with Rose), Pusey never wasted time or strength in pretending to understand the

position of his opponents: he was always content to make the most of the truth they held in common with him. This was the more meritorious, as he held strongly that intellectual error, where not hereditary, is generally due to moral delinquency. According to Dr. Liddon, this conviction was impressed on him by his correspondence with Z., who (it seems) was vicious as well as perversely clever. Beyond doubt, faults of conduct and temper are punished by faults of judgment—especially in those important questions which have to be left to tact or instinct because evidence is scanty and decision urgent: *e.g.*, all thinking men do, or do not, assume that progress is illimitable, that truth is always salutary. Pusey thought that a man, who seemed to be going wrong over any question soever, could only be set right by being brought to conviction of sin.

Mrs. Pusey was much impressed by the Tract, but she liked Newman's sermons better; and her husband's humility accepted and explained the preference. Both Newman and Pusey lived up to the saying, "In honour preferring one another." Perhaps a time came when Newman silently made allowances for Pusey's limitations; no such time came to Pusey. There can be no doubt that Pusey's domestic life exercised a decisive influence on the development of his character. The death of his eldest child, in 1832, struck him, in spite of all that Newman and Keble could say, as some sort of a judgment: as if it was his fault she missed the blessing of length of days. When in 1839 he lost his wife, who had been so strong and brilliant, while her conscience permitted her to enjoy the world and adorn it, the same thought came back with tyrannous overpowering strength: he felt called to dedicate himself to lifelong penitence and to retire from the world of Oxford dinner parties. His best friends thought the feeling morbid; perhaps intense feeling in a fallen world is hardly ever perfectly healthy. Certainly his intensity was the secret of Pusey's power. Saintliness apart, Newman was a man of genius; saintliness apart, Pusey was a warm-hearted and munificent man of learning, an heroically industrious scholar without the instinct of scholarship.

In the earlier crises of the movement he was, upon the whole, a moderating influence of a peculiar kind: he never went quite so far as Newman, he always backed him up with his full strength. In the Hampden controversy, he saw more clearly than Newman that in spite of his pretentious theories Hampden was personally orthodox; but he voted for all that was done. We are not told what part he took when Rose insisted that the Oxford writers should show cause why the Movement should not remain purely Anglican instead of becoming Patristic. A letter to Hook on the meaning of Tractarianism has a good deal of the wisdom of Gamaliel. When, in 1838, Bishop Bagot showed signs of taking alarm and Newman talked of stopping the Tracts, Pusey proved that those who had given his name to the movement were right. Both Pusey and Newman were easily pained, Pusey perhaps the more easily of the two; but when

Newman was in pain, he was almost always bewildered and ready to come to a standstill. Pusey, who never took thought for himself, went his way in spite of pain. He was always steadfast, always hopeful: his other gifts seem to have ripened rather late. He developed into a great tactician, who kept an academical majority together in face of all manner of discouragement from outside; but there is little in these volumes to prepare us for this. What strikes us rather is how many false moves he made, and how little harm they did him. For instance, when he gave £5000 to the first East-end Fund, Bishop Blomfield snubbed him for wanting to earmark the churches to be built under it in the interests of orthodoxy. When Isaac Williams wished to succeed Keble as Professor of Poetry, Pusey made the mistake of accepting the theological challenge thrown down by a section of Garbett's supporters, and the further mistake of imputing the tactics of that section to all. When the Martyrs' Memorial was started, he tried to get a church built to commemorate not the Reformers, but the Reformation. When the Jerusalem Bishopric was invented, he was favourable at first to the scheme, which was popular among some of his German friends. When he discovered that there were hardly any Jewish or Anglican Christians for a bishop of Jerusalem to rule over, he drew back upon the ground that Germany was not worthy of the undesired blessing of episcopacy, with which the reigning king of Prussia wished to endow his dominions by a side wind. But, though Pusey in the period covered by these volumes seldom understood a situation, his buoyant, patient, single-hearted zeal generally enabled him to push his way through it, in what he thought the right direction, and to clear a path for others. On minor points his spirit of penitential simplicity had the effect of prudence: in 1839 he discouraged the use of vestments and the practice of hanging rooms with black velvet in Lent.

It is amazing that a man who was at the centre of things should have succeeded in fighting through the battle of Tract XC. without seeing that it was written for men who preferred the Church of Rome to the Church of England. Possibly Pusey defended Newman all the more effectually because he could not or would not understand him. He substituted the question whether the Articles condemned the Fathers for Newman's question whether they condemned Rome. Pusey succeeded in averting the suppression of Tract XC., and so enabled Newman to display "his beautiful *ἡθους*" as it struck his friends: "to take out the worth of his snubbing" as it struck himself in the famous letter to Bishop Bagot. Archbishop Howley (whose part in the crisis has not been generally known hitherto) took the very sensible line that as Newman would not retract he had better not explain, and that the Tractarians would do well to drop the controversy and turn to other subjects. It would have been easy to silence Newman even without silencing Faussett; it would have been feasible to silence Pusey, but it was useless so long as

nothing was done to silence Ward, Oakley, and Mozley.

At one time the three leaders of the party grouped themselves in pairs in a curious way: Keble and Newman both inherited Froude's dislike to the Reformation and the Reformers; Pusey stood by himself in hoping that the Reformers were in the main good Catholics, loyal to the Fathers though bewildered by continental theories. He was surer, also, of the Church of England than Keble, who limited himself to the position that the risk of sin in staying was less than the risk of sin in going; on the other hand, he was much less really Anglican in his temper than Keble. With the sublime absence of foresight which characterised him at the time, as soon as the quarrel over Tract XC. had been patched up, he went over to Ireland to study the working of sisterhoods. Of course he was suspected in consequence, though he came back even safer than he went: he had discovered that the system commonly misnamed Mariolatry would neither be given up or explained away. What deepened the suspicion for the time was that he set himself to naturalise the ascetic and devotional literature of the counter-Reformation, and as he agreed with Ward on the subject, said so in a preface with his accustomed chivalry.

In 1843 Pusey's own turn came to suffer from the growing unpopularity of the Movement. He preached a well-known sermon on the Eucharist. The second volume is adorned with a lifelike sketch of how he looked when preaching it. The face is curiously unlike the *mitis sapientia* of the portrait in the first volume. The story of his suspension is told fully for the first time. Perhaps it will hardly sustain the indignation which was provoked at the time. If, as Laud thought, a censorship of sermons is desirable for the protection of their hearers, it is obviously undesirable that a sermon which may deserve censure should be the subject of a public trial and a prolonged controversy. The six doctors were quite in their right in condemning the sermon without hearing the author, as the Congregation of the Index always does—always supposing that six doctors are to have the power of condemning sermons. When they had done this, as they wished to avoid a suspension, Hawkins, who would have made an excellent inquisitor, drew up a very skilful list of propositions to be retracted, and sent them to Pusey through Jelf. Pusey, who seems to have imagined that all the eucharistic language of every canonised Father must be absolutely accurate, declined to give way. When the suspension came, Pusey said truly that he had been condemned unheard. Hawkins was shabby enough to assert that the confidential communications through Jelf after the censure were equivalent to a hearing! It was all the more shabby because Pusey had pledged himself to secrecy as to the nature of the communications. This, no doubt, goes far to excuse, if not to justify, the harshness with which Hawkins is treated throughout the book; and he is the only person on the other side who is treated harshly. Longley, who, when St. Saviour's, Leeds, was building, was frightened and fussy to the point of being dis-

ingenuous, is let off easily upon the whole: this was due to the president of the first Pan-Anglican Conference. When even Pusey came to see that Newman could not be kept in the Church of England—an object for which he was willing to try everything, even a friendly suit in the ecclesiastical courts to whitewash the censured sermon—he came to the conclusion that it must be Newman's providential mission to reform the Church of Rome.

Nearly everything that is written about the latter half of the Oxford Movement is distressing reading, for this reason among others, that everybody asked what is right, hardly anybody asked what is true; and, if anybody thought they knew what was true, it took years to settle whether it was right or a duty to act on the knowledge. Few men have loved truth more than Pusey; few have trusted it less. When the Library of the Fathers was planned, neither he nor Newman had read Origen. Newman had looked into the reply to Celsus, and been struck by it; but Pusey vetoed the translation of a work which quoted the profanities of Celsus. Our case would be hopeless if, as he held, holiness were the only guide to truth: happily, truth frees and sanctifies.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Poems. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane).

WE appear to be passing through one of those recurrent periods when the popular neglect of poetry is replaced for a few months or moments by a considerable curiosity. This, then, is the occasion for any man of spirit to be young, and to write in verse. The cohorts of youth seem to be multitudinous, if we may judge from the advertising columns of the poets' publishers. They come down on us, like Matthew Arnold's Bacchanals, "Scattering the past about, Clearing a stage." Not all have come to stay, not all are chosen; but all are welcome while they glitter and carol across the path of the middle-aged person: each has the charm of possibility, of the unknown sentiment. Among the poets of the present season Mr. Benson, or I am much mistaken, is not the least welcome nor the least likely to endure.

The chaos of our taste in art tends to widen and swallow us up entirely. Less and less every year is there apparent any central principle in our literature, or any formula in our plan of execution. In 1693 there was room for each individuality to express itself, yet every poet wrote in a manner resembling that of Dryden. If that was the most rigid moment in our literary history, 1893 is surely the most undisciplined. The future critic of Victorian poetry will find Mr. Watson writing by the side of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Kipling elbowing Mr. Coventry Patmore; he must explain the phenomenon as he can. Mr. Arthur Benson enters this wrangling parliament of poets and takes a seat on the extreme right. In a French newspaper the other day it was stated that only "les auteurs Anglais les plus osés, les plus émancipés" had been invited to feast with our singular guest, M. Zola. I know not how that may have been, but I

scarcely imagine that Mr. Benson was of the company. In the chaos of our living poetry he holds on his course upon the calmer wave. He seems to me the most eighteenth-century of our later candidates for Parnassus; and his verse, beyond a slight tincture of Tennyson, betrays no influence later than that of Collins and Cowper.

Those who saw the privately-printed *Le Cahier Jaune* of 1892 will acknowledge in the present collection increased firmness of touch, art in selection, and critical force. To approach the central characteristics of Mr. Benson's poetry, some negatives are first required. We must observe what he is not. He is then—so far as his talent is as yet revealed—not impassioned, not impetuous, not particularly versatile or varied. What we discover in this little book is reflection concentrated on natural objects with a purpose that is always directed to edification, to the moral encouragement or reproof of self. This mood, one not a little unusual in the work of a young man, expresses itself in the manner which we will presently attempt to analyse. In the meantime, be it said, to return to our negatives, that the mood excludes all reference to love, as a passion, all curiosity as to remote or wide interests, whether personal or of the race, all choice of dramatic or narrative themes. What we have here is a bundle of ethical lyrics: delicate voluntaries of the soul speaking to itself in solitude.

It might seem to follow from what has just been said that Mr. Benson is a Wordsworthian. But, although the influence of Tennyson may be felt here and there, that of Wordsworth is curiously absent. Mr. Benson's attitude to Nature is pre-Wordsworthian, and cannot be appreciated unless this is clearly understood. He observes natural objects in a Dutch, near-sighted way, and his landscapes have no distance. Most subjective, he is yet not at all analytical; and in this his manner reminds the reader, as we have suggested, of Cowper's. It is, at any rate, curiously unlike that of Wordsworth or Coleridge. There is no trace of pantheism, no consciousness of a living spirit in the broad forms of landscape; but a detached object, often a very humble one, reminds the poet of a spiritual experience, serves, in fact, as a parable to him, and in so doing reveals its aspects to him with startling clearness. It is not of an English poet of our day that one thinks as one reads these sincere and tender pieces, but rather of some of the French pastoral poets, and most of all of André Theuriot. Those who, twenty years ago, read *Le Chemin des Bois* with delight, have a similar pleasure offered to them by Mr. Benson to-day.

The clearness with which the natural objects are seen by our poetic philosopher must now be proved by one or two quotations. In the opening poem of the volume (it is not the best), the text of the parable is a bunch of fritillaries.

"Rare and curious things,
Indeed! no kinship theirs with homely flowers,
That bloom on gravelled hills, or in the waste,
Or in the tumbled pasture—withered, dry,
Faint-tinted, spotted like an ocelot's skin,
Streaked like the banded viper, with their lean
Sleek stalks."

If there is any living poet who could give so vivid a picture in six lines, it is Lord De Tabley; and his diction would probably have been more sumptuous. Another example of Mr. Benson's effective simplicity may be taken from "The Mole":

"Thy comfortable cape so defty dight,
Unnoted girds thee round;
Who set those hands so scholarly and white
To fumble underground?"

A lyric shorter than the rest may, in this connexion, be quoted entire:

"THE WATER-OUSEL
"A shadow by the water's edge,
A flash across the mossy ledge,
That stems the roaring race.
Dark were his plumes as dim twilight,
The crescent on his throat gleamed white,
The breeze was in his face.

"I follow, but he flies before,
And when I gain the sandy shore
Close, close, methinks, behind;
His tiny footprints speck the beach,
He fleets to some sequestered reach,
A shadow on the wind.

"Love flies me as that dusky bird;
I, too, have marked his flight, and heard
The rustle of his wings.
He leads me with divine deceit,
To trace the print of vanished feet,
Not where he nests and sings."

From "In Exile" I cut four lines for their picturesque felicity:

"The steep and stony field, I trow,
That feeds the rushing water-head,
Is thick with sorrel tall ere now,
A dimpling sheet of filmy red."

Such happy painting of familiar English features occurs in almost every poem, and is a very definite gift. Nothing is common or mean to Mr. Benson: his gaze concentrates itself on a weed, on a bird, on an insect, and does not wander from it till it has seized its form and colour, and has translated into a verbal message its parabolic significance.

Unambitious of metrical effect, Mr. Benson contents himself with simple stanzaic forms and artless measures. In this age of executive skill it is possible that some of his readers will regret a certain absence of the beauty of form. But I am not sure that this would be judicious, nor that his gnomic fancies could find a better vehicle than these very simple and straightforward stanzas.

Mr. Benson's sonnets are not always quite regular, but they are often admirably turned. The following, called "Waste," is dignified and pathetic, particularly in the sestet:

"Blind fate, that broodest over human things,
That through thy long inheritance of tears
Dost bring to birth, through sad and shapeless
years,
One poet, heart and voice; but ere he sings,
Thou dost delight to sever, to estrange,
To bid the restless brain reluctant sleep,
And toss his glories to the common heap,
Waiting thy leisure, and the world's slow change.
As some dishevelled garden, when the frost
Crusts the dry turf, and blunders through
the lines
Of summer's green battalions, laying low
The towering lupines that untimely blow;
And o'er the leaves in rich disorder tossed
The unavailing sun in mockery shines."

In welcoming what is practically a first volume of unusual delicacy and rare moral beauty, we are permitted, perhaps, to warn

the accomplished young poet of two dangers. He must not be careless (we find "O hands . . . where are thou" on p. 75, and a squinting Medea on p. 191), and he must be solicitous to interest, not himself only, but the frivolous reader. I remember that Rossetti once said to me—and startled his inexperienced listener—"literature, and poetry especially, has got to be amusing." The best poetry of the world, no doubt, with so many other qualities, does possess that of being "amusing"; and a young poet cannot afford to forget that reflections, however apt and pictorial, which are confined to the knapwort and the dragonfly may cease to hold the reader's attention. I merely indicate a danger; Mr. Benson will doubtless follow the bent of his own talent.

EDMUND GOSSE.

"GREAT FRENCH WRITERS." — *Théophile Gautier*. By Maxime du Camp. Translated by J. E. Gordon. Preface by Andrew Lang. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Of the man I will say but one thing, he was a good man in every sense of the word": so does M. Maxime du Camp vouch for Gautier's moral excellence. But, in truth, the statement can scarcely stand without qualification, for Gautier's "goodness" was compatible with several literary productions, with a good deal of talk, with many actions, to which the epithet "good," in any ordinary acceptance, can scarcely be applied. Speaking strictly, his "goodness" consisted in a certain generosity of temperament, in a readiness to help and support his immediate relations, and in the free acceptance of responsibilities which better men would not have incurred, and baser men would have repudiated.

The "hirsute generation" of 1830, to borrow M. Zola's expression, did not, as a rule, grow old to advantage; and Gautier should always have remained young. If there is something that provokes a smile in the figure of the boy paladin of the first nights of "Hernani," battling for the Ideal in scarlet doublet and with long flowing locks, at any rate the smile is altogether kindly. There is something bright and boyish too, albeit of non-English fashion, in the picture of his youth as presented by M. Arsène Houssaye. He is boisterous, he is noisy, he dances the mad dances of the time, he plays practical jokes at the expense of the hated bourgeois, he indulges in a thousand wild pranks, he talks a strange affected jargon—he works strangely too, lying on his stomach to write *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and stroking cats in the intervals of inspiration. It is all a little crazy, and not a little affected, and yet withal exuberant and young. "We poets," says Wordsworth, "in our youth begin in gladness, but thereof comes in the end despondency and madness." Gautier did not end in madness like his friend Gérard de Nerval. But evil days came upon him. He had fairly expensive tastes, he was generous, he had no fortune. With large reading, a superb memory and a ready pen, journalism naturally became his staff of life. But as he leant upon

it, it pierced his hand. He wearied of dramatic and literary criticism: hated his daily task—a task, moreover, for which he was at no time "paid profusely." "Ce pauvre Théo" became his pet rueful description of himself.

Would he have done great things, as M. du Camp argues, if he had been released from his hack work? Would the French government have earned the thanks of posterity if it had enabled him, by pension or sinecure, to concentrate his efforts on some *magnum opus*? Mr. Andrew Lang thinks not, quoting very appositely the case of Paul de Saint-Victor, whose newspaper criticism was often brilliant while his ambitious "Les deux Masques" did not in the least prove to be an epoch-making production. Sooth to say, Gautier, with all his great literary gifts, his varied knowledge, his love of art, his rich verbal palette, his talent for depicting the outward show of things, his "impeccable" style, wanted *stuff*. He was an excellent *virtuoso* of the pen. He played upon the instrument of language admirably, both in prose and verse. But he had nothing of deep import to say, no strong human feeling or passion calling for utterance. M. Scherer was, no doubt, looking at his work too exclusively from one point of view when he declared that all manly thought was foreign to it. But the accusation cannot be regarded as altogether unjust. And this, by the way, may help to solve the problem which puzzled Sainte-Beuve, who wondered why it was that Gautier should be comparatively unpopular, while Musset had been taken to the heart of the French people.

"Ce pauvre Théo" has not been unfortunate in his present biographer. M. Maxime du Camp had the advantage of knowing him well, and says fit things about his "youth," and his characteristics as "critic," "traveller," "story-teller," and "poet." Perhaps, if one wanted to hint a fault, one might hazard the remark that the book inclines unduly to criticism rather than biography, and that M. Maxime du Camp, who is always a serious writer, somewhat fails to place before us the living Gautier, who, serious enough in his respect for his art, was so often not serious in speech and action. But, after all, in these days of anecdote and scandal, when small personal matters receive such disproportionate attention, it is impossible to quarrel very much with a biographer for considering an author's literary work as the most important thing about him. Gautier, when we have carped our worst, has a right to a place among the "great French writers"—he ought, of course, to have had a chair at the Academy; and in M. Maxime du Camp he finds a worthy expositor and critic. Nor is the book the worse for Mr. Lang's sparkling introduction, in which, remembering doubtless Coleridge's saying that,

"Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other,"

he takes occasion to place Gautier and Scott in juxtaposition.

One little fling at perfidious Albion M. du Camp might have spared us. He quotes "the last words spoken by Sir

Walter Raleigh before kneeling on the scaffold which his former mistress—she whom England still names the Great Elizabeth—had caused to be erected for him." Elizabeth may, or may not, have been great; but she had no hand in the erection of that scaffold.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

History of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall.
By the Very Rev. Bernard Ward,
President. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

SCHOOL histories are not commonly inviting reading, but the volume before us is an exception. It owes its interest in a great degree to the fact that it is not a mere history of the school or college so well known to Roman Catholics as Old Hall; but it also gives a well-written, though of course highly condensed, sketch of the educational institutions of the English Catholic body from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the present time.

Saint Edmund's College, Old Hall, was established in 1793; but it was a daughter of Douay College, founded in 1568, mainly for training priests for the English mission, but furnishing also a means of education for the sons of the Catholic gentry who were in the time of the Penal Laws prevented from matriculating at our universities, and in many instances debarred from the use of our grammar schools. Cardinal Allen, its founder, was an Oxford man, Principal of Saint Mary's Hall in the reign of Mary I. Soon after the accession of Elizabeth he threw up his preferment and fled to Flanders; thus Old Hall has a shadowy connexion with Oxford, and the educational discipline of the mediaeval church.

Terrible as was the injury done to the higher education of France by the storm of the Revolution, it was an advantage to English Catholics as it swept away the continental colleges and compelled them to found schools for themselves in their own land. The greater part of the first batch of teachers and pupils at Old Hall were refugees from Douay; and even to the present day, as we gather from the volume before us, some of the old Douay traditions are retained.

Those who are anxious for side-lights on the Revolution and the Terror should not fail to consult Mr. Ward's pages. Many of the details he gives of the sufferings and flight of the Douay men will be new to them. They were fortunate in escaping with their lives. As it was, all the property of the College was lost. Before they left, some of their more valuable plate was buried inside the walls of the College. There it remained undiscovered until 1863, when, by the permission of Napoleon III., it was searched for and discovered by the late Monsignor Serle. The greater part of this interesting find was divided between Old Hall and Ushaw.

The College had at first to struggle with many difficulties. When founded, the English Catholic body had only just been relieved from the more stringent of the Penal Laws. They had been cowed by

centuries of persecution and hardly dared to exercise their legal rights. A plan was, however, sketched for a long block of new buildings in 1793. We are glad that this costly plan never passed beyond the paper stage. Surely nothing more ugly was ever designed even in the Georgian era. It reminds us of the sketches of great men's stables and dog-kennels which are scattered through the early volumes of the *Sporting Magazine*. The house as it exists at present is not a work of art, but it is in no way repulsive. The chapel, though we believe but a portion of what was intended, is a favourable specimen of modern decorated architecture, although in our opinion the windows are on too large a scale for the size of the building.

Mr. Weld tells a curious ghost story regarding a member of the Weld family, which is far better authenticated than such things usually are.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

An Introduction to the Study of Political Economy. Translated from the Italian of Prof. Luigi Cossa by L. Dyer. (Macmillans.)

THIS is a careful rendering, under supervision of the author, of the third edition (1892) of Prof. Cossa's "Guide to the Study of Political Economy." The second edition was translated into English in 1880; and the translation, a modest volume of 237 pages, was commended to the English people (in a Preface) by the late Prof. Jevons. Its merits were at once recognised. The present volume is more than double the size of the old one; and, though the general plan is the same, the alterations and additions make it practically a new book.

The growth of literature on the subject has been so great that the list of writers quoted has swelled (in round numbers) from 700 to 2000. The author has modified some of the views (e.g., on Protection), to which Prof. Jevons took exception in 1880. His general attitude remains as it was. He welcomes the old and the new in political economy. Theory, practice, and history are all within the range of his sympathies. He gives every new view his ear; but his voice is still for the classical tradition, and for the economic theory that has grown out of the teachings of the classical economists. This appears especially in the "Theoretical Part" (pp. 1-110); but, as the second or "Historical Part" (pp. 113-549) is full of criticism and comment, it is hardly less evident there. Indeed, the interweaving of history and theory is a feature of the whole book.

The theoretical part deals with method, definition, classification, as becomes an Introduction. The history is not of events but of ideas, and of ideas mainly as expressed in books. It proceeds in chronological order from the Greeks and Romans to the Physiocrats and their English contemporaries (chaps. i.-viii.). After this point it proceeds mainly by nationalities; and we have chapters on political economy in England (chap. ix.), in France (x.), in Germany (xi.), in Austria, Holland, and Spain (xii.), in Scandinavia and Russia

(xiii.), in America (xiv.), and, last but not least of the nations, in Italy (xv.). Then follows finally a chapter (xvi.) on Contemporary Theories of Socialism, which is scarcely in line with the others.

The title, "Introduction to the Study of Political Economy," hardly conveys the scope of the work. It is really a "guide-book to books," though it is something more. Prof. Cossa insists that it is still "an elementary book, written specially for my pupils," adding quaintly.

"I have wished [it to enable] them to learn by themselves such details touching the rudiments of political economy as have been crowded out of my lectures by the steady expansion of holiday time at the expense of term" (Prof. p. 4.)

In this country at least it will be more used by graduates than by undergraduates. Currency and finance are too little noticed, perhaps because the author has written a separate treatise on Finance; but, except on these subjects, there is no book to which we can more confidently turn for information about economic writers and writings. For past ages there are no doubt many rival works of reference. For our own times (as regards our living contemporaries in both hemispheres) this book stands by itself.

Prof. Cossa does full justice to his own countrymen; but if he has any prejudice, it is in favour of England and France. It must be said that the following passage is startling in this connexion:

"Nothing is simpler than to subtract from Mill, Garnier, and all the rest, every erroneous affirmation in religion and morals which their writings contain; the remainder is unchanged and is sound economic doctrine" (p. 108).

The translator has here gone beyond his author. The adjective in italics is not in the original; and the meaning seems simply to be that what is left is economic doctrine, which we can look at by itself.

The translation, however, is done with spirit and care. Long sentences are broken up into short, and idiom is rendered by idiom. It should be noted that the chapters have been in some instances renamed and even rearranged. Oversights in statement or description (e.g., as to Harrington, p. 182, Italian ed.) have been corrected. To the author's index of authors, Mr. Dyer has added a useful index of subjects.

J. BONAR.

NEW NOVELS.

The Prince of India. By Lew Wallace. In 2 vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

The Scallywag. By Grant Allen. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Juanita. By J. Fogerty. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Quarry Farm. By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward & Downey.)

From Clue to Capture. By Dick Donovan. (Hutchinson.)

For Marjory's Sake. By Mrs. John Waterhouse. (Digby, Long & Co.)

Platonica. By Henry L'Estrange. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

THOUGH published in only two volumes, Mr. Lew Wallace's book, entitled *The Prince*

of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell, occupies nearly eleven hundred closely printed pages, and in reality contains as much matter as a couple of ordinary novels. The "Prince of India," the central figure in his story, is the mythical personage known to all as The Wandering Jew: the man who struck Jesus on His way to crucifixion, and received the sentence, "Do though tarry till I come," which condemns him to perpetual life upon earth until the Second Advent. As the writer has already given forth to the world several similar works of a historical and semi-theological character, such as *Ben Hur*, *The Boyhood of Christ*, &c., and exhibits abilities which qualify him to make a distinct bid for fame, his work claims a more than ordinary share of attention. The "Prince of India," having lived through all the centuries since the time of Christ, and being in possession of vast stores of wealth, is represented in these pages as having been an actively instrumental and even determinative agent in nearly every great crisis of history. Thus, he has accomplished the overthrow of the Saracens at the hands of the Crusaders; again he has embraced the Saracen side and is responsible for the defeat of the armies of the Cross, and so forth; now he appears as arbiter of the final destinies of the Byzantine empire, and his influence, as an astrologer, upon Mohammed II. procures the downfall of Constantinople. Mr. Wallace must be admitted to possess a good deal of imaginative fancy, with infinite capacity for elaboration of detail; and we ought under any circumstances, perhaps, to be thankful to a writer who undertakes to clothe the dry bones of history with flesh and blood. Many of his descriptions—e.g., the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the Byzantine palaces—are executed in a masterly manner and with fine appreciation of decorative art. Yet we should hesitate before ascribing any real genius to his work. There is little in it which enlists our hearty sympathy throughout, and much which might reasonably invite disapproval. The choice of a mere legendary character as the basis of an historical story at once diminishes our interest in the narrative of events. In point of religious views, the doctrine of a universal brotherhood based on the teaching of Christ is unexceptionable; but an insinuation conveyed in one part of the story that the cowardly fear exhibited by Demedes, a young Byzantine, when in the presence of death, was due to his Epicurean doctrines is almost puerile. Nevertheless, it is on the whole a remarkable book, and presents some valuable groupings both of historical fact and religious theory. For the story of the siege of Constantinople the author follows Gibbon closely, borrowing also from *The Universal History of the Catholic Church* and Hammer's *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*.

Why give a novel such a name as *The Scallywag*? This is the question that will occur to five out of every six readers of Mr. Grant Allen's latest book; and, indeed, one finds it difficult to admit the propriety or dignity of nicknaming a sustained work of creative art after an ephemeral piece of Transatlantic slang. However, there is not much else to find fault with in

the novel, which is written in the entertaining and lively vein one expects from this author. Mr. Allen knows a good deal about men, and he talks about them well, here as elsewhere; not quite so much about women, perhaps, but sufficient for the production of some very captivating heroines. He is excellent also when he drops into scenery; but he has rather abandoned this department of late, and we have nothing of it in the present work. *The Scallywag* is all about Paul Gascoyne, son of Sir Emery Gascoyne, of Hillborough. The latter was unfortunate enough to succeed, in middle life, to a baronetcy without any estates; and, being unable to maintain the position and dignity of the title, he continued to ply his humble calling as cabdriver in his native town. Paul, however, has received a good Oxford education, having been "financed" by Mr. Solomons, a Hebrew auctioneer and estate agent in Hillborough, upon the implied condition of his obtaining the hand of an heiress, and so repaying the debt with abundant interest. Naturally enough, he falls in love with a penniless maiden, and then the Jew's vengeance falls on his head. Money troubles are the subject of a good deal of the story, while as a set-off, on the humorous side, we have Isabel Boyton, an American heiress, and Madame Ceriolo, daughter of an Italian organ-grinder of Saffron Hill, but posing—and cleverly posing—as belonging to an Austrian titled family. Sensational incidents are afforded in a shipwreck and the collapse of a tunnel. Mr. Allen is fond of tunnel accidents. We remember one in his prize novel.

Judged by previous performances, Mr. Fogerty is not likely to do more than barely sustain his reputation by *Juanita*. He possesses descriptive ability of a superficial kind without much command of executive detail, and he is rather too fond of breaking new ground and attempting fresh varieties of scenery and incident. In the present work, which starts at a spot on the West Irish coast, he tells us how the loves of Gerald Morony and Juanita, his cousin, were temporarily interrupted by the advent of Lieutenant Conder, commander of a revenue cutter, bent upon the capture of a local smuggler highly popular in the neighbourhood. For a time Juanita allows her affections to wander off in the direction of the dashing and romantic young officer, the first she has ever been introduced to. The scene is afterwards transferred to some desolate islands off the north coast of Sicily; but as the gay lieutenant has now passed out of the sphere of possible courtship, and plays a rather inglorious rôle, finally winding up as a Levantine trader and the husband of Zelia Ferranti, a young Italian of the organ-grinding order, he no longer interests the reader. There is a Jesuit who interferes dangerously at appropriate intervals, and a rascally Greek trader who seizes a favourable opportunity for doing a little piracy and brigandage. These two personages between them cause most of the excitement and interest of the second and third volumes. Putting aside structural defects, the novel is by no means dull, and should pass muster well enough as a contribution to romance of average merit.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher delights in telling last-century tales about people who lived in farmhouses and cottages in the country between Pontefract and Doncaster. *The Quarry Farm* is a charming little tale in one volume. It is full of quaint and homely pictures of rustic life fully equal to those in *When Charles the First was King*, by the same author; while, so far as we have noticed, it is free from the anachronistic blunders which disfigure the latter work. Miranda Bennett, a prim and steady young woman of business, carries on the Quarry Farm after the death of her father and mother and, in spite of gloomy forebodings on the part of her neighbours, makes a commercial success of it. Her sister Juliet—vain, idle, pretty, and eighteen years of age—lives with her, and, at the opening of the story, is engaged to a worthy yeoman named Stephen Blunt. But a handsome cousin appears on the scene, and Juliet and he fall desperately in love. Just on the eve of her wedding with Stephen, he persuades her to elope with him, and all seems to point to a sorrowful tale of ruin and desertion and misery, after the usual fashion. Things, however, take a pleasant turn after all, and the novel is thoroughly enjoyable.

Readers are apparently never weary of perusing records of the detection of crime: otherwise there should be nothing to encourage Dick Donovan, already responsible for some ten or a dozen books of the sort, to present us now with *From Clue to Capture*, a title sufficiently indicative of the contents of the volume. It is a collection of short stories, twelve in number, illustrated with drawings of more than average merit, mostly by Mr. Paul Hardy. Of the stories themselves there is nothing particular to be said; a family likeness necessarily pervades them, and the only originality possible is in the attendant circumstances. Dick Donovan may be congratulated on his ingenuity and fertility of resource in this respect. "The Jewelled Skull" and "The Story of the Great Cat's Eye" are about the best specimens of his skill.

For Marjory's Sake is a story of South Australian life; but in point of fact the scene might have been laid in any part of the English-speaking world, so far as any light is thrown on local peculiarities of speech or custom. A comparison of the story with any of the really good books that have been written about Australia, such as those which are constantly coming from the pen of Mr. Boldrewood—to say nothing of Charles Reade and Henry Kingsley—will at once draw attention to the poverty of resource and lack of descriptive power exhibited by its writer. Mrs. John Waterhouse tells us a story of rather humdrum domestic life, with scarcely anything in the nature of a plot, except such as is created by a misunderstanding arising from a piece of malicious scandal spread by one of the jealous lovers of the tale. Nothing in the nature of picturesque detail is anywhere to be found, and scarcely anything to show that the author is even conversant with the special habits of the people she describes.

An amusing little Jules-Vernesque novelette, named *Platonis*, reads quite refreshingly after the rubbish that is commonly sold for a shilling between paper covers. Two friends, Henry L'Estrange and Lawrence Raylton, start on an aerial voyage in a ship resembling a torpedo in shape and stored with vast quantities of magnetic power for purposes of propulsion through space. After visiting the moon they arrive at *Platonis*, a planet peopled with human beings similar to ourselves, but civilised up to the point of having a "parliament of man and federation of the world," and being entirely free—through their own efforts—from war, poverty, and such-like evils. The general idea is, of course, the same as in Lord Lytton's *Coming Race* and all other descriptions of Utopia. The two voyagers each have a love adventure, and ultimately return in safety to earth.

JOHN BARROW ALLEN.

SOME COLONIAL BOOKS.

Australian Commonwealths (New South Wales, Tasmania, Victoria, Western Australia, South Australia, Queensland, New Zealand.) By Greville Tregarthen. (Fisher Unwin.) This is the thirty-fifth volume of the series called "The Story of the Nations." To publications of this character it may be objected that the various parts are of very unequal interest, and yet they must be treated in a somewhat procrustean manner, the most interesting being necessarily cut short, and the least interesting lengthened out of all proportion. If anyone will cast his eye over the list of volumes already published, he will see at a glance what a want of proportion there is in the parts. Ireland seems to be treated as of equal importance with Rome, and the Barbary Corsairs with the Byzantine Empire. The writer of the present volume has done what he could to obviate this difficulty by grouping New Zealand and the six Australian colonies into a single volume. But do what he will, he cannot give a charm to these terribly modern states, and he can hardly avoid some feeling of envy towards those of his colleagues who have been entrusted with the imperishable glories of Rome, of Carthage, or of Switzerland. This is not his fault; it is the misfortune of his subject. Mr. Tregarthen gives us a somewhat matter-of-fact account of the rise of the colonies, of their several governors, and of the development of their forms of parliamentary government. He devotes nearly half the book to New South Wales; the other five colonies, of Tasmania, Victoria, Western Australia, South Australia, and Queensland, together take no more room than is devoted to the parent colony. We think he has unduly abridged his account of New Zealand; for that colony possesses an element of interest in the Maori race and the Maori wars which is wanting in the other colonies, and which, by its picturesque aspect, helps to redeem it in some measure from the painful commonplace of Australia.

The History of South Australia from its Foundation to the Year of its Jubilee. With a chronological summary of all the principal events of interest up to date. By Edwin Hodder. With two maps. (Sampson Low.) Mr. Edwin Hodder is the author of a life of the late Mr. G. F. Angas, who is justly entitled to be called one of the founders of South Australia. Mr. Angas, we are informed, entertained a lifelong desire that a history of the colony he had done so much to develop should be written, and to this end had collected a vast mass of material, hoping some day to write the history himself.

Death, however, cut short his hopes; and his son, the Hon. J. H. Angas, entrusted the materials thus collected to Mr. Hodder, who has a profound veneration for the subject of his former biography, and is deeply impressed with the importance of all that concerns him and his colony. As this history of South Australia is printed and published in London, we presume it is designed for English readers; and if so, we cannot but think it both too long and too diffuse. Mr. Edwin Hodder is undoubtedly industrious and painstaking, but he has no power of concentration: he encumbers his volumes with a quantity of unnecessary matter, and descends to the most trivial details. The exact hour at which one governor set out on an expedition, and the arrival of another at Adelaide without a guard of honour, are in his estimation facts to be recorded as history. South Australia differs from other Australian colonies in two important particulars. First, in its origin, it owes its existence to the theories carried into effect by the strong will of Mr. Edmund Gibbons Wakefield. Secondly, in its having escaped the taint of any connexion with convicts, at least so far as their importation from England was concerned, for at one time the colony was overrun with escaped convicts and ticket of leave men from the neighbouring penal settlements. These miscreants were put down by Mr. Alexander Tolmer, commissioner of police for the colony, who gives a graphic account of his encounters with them in his amusing memoirs, published in 1882. South Australia can boast of one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill, daring, and perseverance, in the overland telegraph, 2000 miles in length, constructed in less than two years through an almost unknown country inhabited only by savages. When we come to political development, we find one Australian colony very like another; and when, as usually happens, the political leaders are half-educated men with narrow and selfish views, it is difficult to arouse much interest in their proceedings, nor, indeed, is anything of political value to be learned from them.

Outlines of British Colonisation. By William Parr Greswell. (Rivington & Percival.) Here is a strong contrast to the book which has been just noticed. If Mr. Hodder is diffuse, Mr. Greswell is concise. Mr. Hodder spins out the affairs of one colony into two volumes; Mr. Greswell manages in a single volume to give a brief but thoroughly accurate and intelligent account of the whole of our colonial empire.

"This empire," says Mr. Greswell, "is the climax of our struggles, the sum and crown of our endeavours, the chief boast of patriots, the proof of our wealth, without which England would sink into insignificance. Nevertheless it is certain that the popular imagination does not apprehend, in any adequate degree, the immense majesty of this British colonial empire; its story is neglected, its glories are hidden, its trophies are unknown as the waters in which they have been won. The very story of exploration is left unexplored by the callous legates of the priceless heritage."

Lord Brassey has written an introduction to Mr. Greswell's book. We are glad he has done so; he will help to circulate a really useful and handy work replete with information not elsewhere to be found in so small a compass.

Illustrated Official Handbook of the Cape and South Africa. Edited by John Noble (Edward Stanford). *Brown's South Africa.* With maps and diagrams. (Sampson Low.) Almost simultaneously we have received these two Guides to South Africa, both of which are published at Cape Town by the well-known firm of Juta. They do not, however, cover quite the same ground. Mr. John Noble has set himself to compile, with the assistance of experts, an official record of information regarding the country, its natural resources, its

history, its people, and its productions. So that the result is a sort of encyclopaedia, crammed with well-ordered facts, and abundantly illustrated. Mr. Brown, on the other hand, writes primarily for the benefit of the casual visitor, who may be attracted to South Africa by sport, by the hope of health, or merely by curiosity. He is careful to supply details about steamer, railway, and coach routes, about hotels, and about prices and distances. He also gives a series of large-scale maps of the districts which tourists are likely to traverse. Both books may be impartially recommended to that increasing class of Englishmen who are attracted to the Cape by its equable climate and healthy conditions of life.

Geography of Victoria. By Alexander Sutherland. (Macmillans.) The chief interest of this little volume is that it is written in accordance with the programme of the educational department of Victoria, for use in the state schools of that colony. There is much in it that will be new to English readers, and also a few things that are not quite true—especially with regard to Europe.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Duke of Argyll, who has already given us so many literary surprises, now announces a volume of poems, called *Crux Mundi*. It will be published by Mr. John Murray.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has likewise in the press the correspondence of Joseph Jekyll with his sister-in-law, Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley, 1818-1838. The volume is edited, with a brief memoir, by the Hon. Algernon Bourke.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have in the press an account of Count Samuel Teleki's hunting and exploring expedition to Eastern Equatorial Africa in 1887 and 1889, which resulted in the discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie. The book has been written by his companion, Lieut. Ludwig von Höhnelt. It will be published in two volumes, with six coloured maps and nearly 180 illustrations.

THE next volume in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Adventure Series," will be the *Travels of Count de Benyowsky in Siberia, Kamchatka, Japan, the Lankui Islands, and Formosa*, about the middle of the last century, edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver.

MR. LEONARD C. SMITHERS has edited a collection of Eastern tales, to which he proposes to give the title of *The Thousand and One Quarters of an Hour*. The book will be handsomely printed and bound, and issued to subscribers, in the course of November, by Messrs. H. S. Nichols & Co., of Soho-square.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT's new book, *The One I Knew Best of All*, with illustrations by Mr. Reginald Birch, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co.

MESSRS. R. BENTLEY & SON will publish early in November a new novel, entitled *Tempe*, by Miss Constance Cotterell, author of "Strange Gods."

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish next month a novel entitled *Lisbeth*, by Leslie Keith.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & Co. will publish, at the end of the month, Mr. Silas K. Hocking's new book, *One in Charity*, illustrated by Mr. Harold Brown.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces the following novels for publication: *Who Would be a Woman?* and *A Threefold Mystery*, by Constance Serjeant.

MR. GEORGE NEWNES's announcements include *Queen Victoria's Dolls*, reproduced in colour, by special permission, from drawings by Mr. Allan Wright; a second series of *The*

Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, by Dr. A. Conan Doyle; *Illustrated Interviews*, by Mr. Harry How; *Only a Woman's Heart*, by Mr. J. E. Muddock; and a series of illustrated penny tales, reprinted from the *Strand Magazine*.

MESSRS. JAMES ELLIOTT & Co., of Temple-chambers, announce a poem in blank verse, entitled *Avalon*, by Mrs. G. T. Stuart-Menteath; and a fantastic story by Mr. Arthur Edward Waite, entitled *Belle and the Dragon*, illustrated with original designs by Miss E. O. Stuart-Menteath.

WITH a view to the simultaneous publication in America and this country of Vol. I. of Mr. H. D. Traill's *Social England*, it has been decided by Messrs. Cassell & Co. to postpone the issue until November 6.

DR. FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD's book on Lowell, entitled *The Poet and the Man*, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of September 9, is published in this country by Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Foster, of Craven-street.

WE are informed that Cécile Cassavetti's *Anthea*; a true story of the Greek War of Independence—of which a cheap edition has just been published by Messrs. Cassell & Co.—has been translated not only into modern Greek, but also into French and German.

MR. WILLIAM TIREBUCK's new novel, *Sweetheart Gwen*: a Welsh Idyll, has passed into a second edition.

THE Clerk to the House of Representatives at Washington has written to Mr. Barnett Smith as follows, respecting his *History of the English Parliament*:—

"Your work has been received with great favour here, and in the larger colleges and universities, and it is already regarded as a standard authority. I beg to congratulate you most heartily over the success you have achieved. You have contributed to the world a work which will prove of inestimable value to the students of constitutional and parliamentary history throughout the civilised world."

ON Monday next, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library of the late Lewis Ll. Dillwyn, who was well known in the House of Commons for many years as member of Swansea. He was also, like his father before him, devoted to zoology; and here will be found some copies of his unfinished *Contributions to the Natural History of Labuan and Borneo* (1855). There are also several Americana, which have long belonged to the family; and a large number of historical tracts and broadsides. On the next day will follow the sale of the library of Mr. Henry Munster, of Brighton, whose special interest was in the productions of the Aldine press. Of these he had got nearly 150 volumes, including the first Cicero (*Epistolæ Familiares*, 1502), two copies of the first Theocritus (1495), the first Plato (1513), and the first Greek-Latin Dictionary (1497). We may further mention a number of well-bound Elzevirs, and other rare and handsome early editions of the classics.

A NEW edition of Sidney's *Arcadia* comes to us from Messrs. Sampson Low. Its only real claim to newness, however, is the suppression of the editor's name; for the book is an exact reprint of the late Mr. Hain Friswell's edition, published by the same firm in 1867, though the dedication to Lord Derby, as Prime Minister, is carefully preserved. Print, paper, and binding are good; but the portrait of Sidney, reduced from Vertue's engraving, is not a happy addition.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE first number of *To-Day*, "Jerome K. Jerome's new weekly magazine-journal," will be published on Friday, November 10. The prospectus—which does not err through excess of modesty—holds out an unusual combination

of attractions. Besides a serial novel and a short story, each weekly number is to have a full-page cartoon, an illustrated interview, a topical article, a comic poem, journalistic notes, four columns devoted to men's matters, four columns to women's, and one page to children's; while art, literature, theatre, and music are to be treated "as they have never been treated before." It is specially stated that no serial appearing in *To-Day* will ever be published in book-form until six weeks after its conclusion. Among the contents of the first number will be: the beginning of a story by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, entitled "The Ebb-Tide," which will run for about thirteen weeks; and the beginning of the diary of Sir William Hardman, formerly editor of the *Morning Post*.

WE understand that Mr. J. W. Moore, of 39, East-street, Chichester, undertakes from December 1, the publication of a new local magazine to be entitled, *Southward Ho!* Short stories are promised by John Strange Winter, Adeline Sergeant, M. Hepworth Dixon, and others. Prebendary Wood Stephens and Prebendary Gordon will supply papers probably on local topics; while a serial tale by Mr. Stanley Little, "A Wealden Tragedy," announces itself by its very title as concerned with that corner of England to which *Southward Ho!* is in the main addressed.

THE *Century Magazine* for November, which begins a new volume, will print a hitherto unpublished poem by Emerson, on the occasion of Lowell's fortieth birthday. Among the other contents are: a paper by Lowell himself on "Humour, Wit, Fun, and Satire"; a series of letters of Edwin Booth, illustrated with a new portrait; the first part of a novelette by Charles Egbert Craddock, entitled "The Casting Vote"; and the conclusion of the diary of the secretary of the admiral who conveyed Napoleon to St. Helena.

THE November number of the *National Review* will contain the following articles:—"The European Outlook," by Admiral Maxse; "The Garden that I Love," by Mr. Alfred Austin; "In Cabinet Council: a Dialogue," by Mr. H. D. Traill; "Robert Lowe as a Journalist," by Mr. A. Patchett Martin; "Reflections on the Way Home," by Mr. H. E. M. James, of the Indian Civil Service; and "The Matabele War," by Mr. W. Greswell.

THE *Quiver* commences a new volume with the November part, among the contributors to which are Prof. Blaikie, Canon Girdlestone, and the Rev. P. B. Power. Mr. Raymond Blaythway has an interview with Dr. Jessop; and two new serial stories, entitled "Poor Pride," by Isabel Bellerby, and "Garth Garrickson, Workman: a Story of a Lancashire Lad," are commenced. The illustrations are by W. H. Margeson, W. Rainey, C. M. Demain Hammond, the Countess Orcey, G. C. Haite, and others.

MR. FRANK BARRETT's new story, "The Justification of Andrew Lebrun," will be commenced in the November part of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, beginning a new volume.

ON Monday, November 6, Mr. Gilbert Dalziel will publish *Christmas Larks*, containing a story, entitled "The Ghost of Aubrey Towers," by Mrs. H. T. Johnson.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

ABOUT two years ago, Mr. William J. Harvey received authority from the Cambridge senate to print the official lists of the University; and he has since been entrusted with the corresponding records of all the colleges. He has now advanced so far as to be able to issue a detailed prospectus of the work which he proposes to publish. It will consist of two distinct

parts: (1) *Graduati Cantabrigienses*, or a chronological list of the graduates from 1459 to 1800, with an alphabetical index; and (2) *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, being the admissions to the several colleges, together with the university matriculations and degrees, from 1443 to 1893, together with biographical details and other notes. Mr. Harvey has—we think wisely—decided to print the latter according to colleges, so that, while Trinity will have three volumes and St. John's two volumes, each of the other colleges will have a volume to itself, with its own introduction and alphabetical index. Including an index volume, the total number of volumes will be twenty-one, each consisting of about 400 pages; and each may be purchased separately at the subscription price of one guinea. Mr. Harvey has undertaken the task on his own responsibility, and at his own cost. Subscriptions should be sent to him, addressed Heatherell, Melbourne-grove, Champion-hill, S.E. We may add that he also has in contemplation a companion work on Trinity College, Dublin, from 1592 to 1892.

MR. MONTAGUE CRACKANTHORPE (formerly Cookson) has been appointed counsel to the University of Oxford, in succession to Lord Justice Davey.

MR. F. DARWIN, reader in botany at Cambridge, has been appointed deputy professor of botany, on behalf of Prof. Babington, during the current academical year.

DURING the past week, Mrs. Moore has offered to present to the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge the collection of Silurian fossils formed by her father, the late Colonel Fletcher; while the Clarendon Laboratory at Oxford has received from Mr. Henry Wilde the gift of a valuable magnetarium.

DR. E. B. TYLOR, reader in anthropology at Oxford, has made arrangements for three courses of lectures this term. He is himself lecturing on "Races of Mankind, as classified by Language, Civilisation, and History"; Mr. H. Balfour, curator of the Pitt-Rivers Museum, is lecturing on "Progress in the Arts of Mankind"; and Mr. A. Thomson, lecturer in human anatomy, on "Elements of Physical Anthropology, as bearing on the Classification of Races."

MR. W. R. MORFILL, reader in Slavonic at Oxford, was to deliver on Thursday of this week a fourth lecture on "Russian Novelists," dealing with Feodor Dostoevski.

MR. SEDLEY TAYLOR announces three lectures at Cambridge on "Selected Church Cantatas by John Sebastian Bach," illustrated with extracts sung by a quartet of students from the Royal Academy of Music.

IN accordance with a recommendation from the special board for biology and geology at Cambridge, a grant of £100 from the Worts Travelling Scholars Fund has been made to Mr. F. W. Keeble, towards defraying the expense of his botanical researches in Ceylon.

AT the meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society, to be held on Thursday of this week, Prof. Postgate was to read a paper on "Some Latin Papyrus Fragments at Zürich."

THE following courses of lectures are being delivered this term at Manchester College, Oxford:—"The Synoptic Gospels," "The Catholic Epistles," and "Criticism and Exegesis of the Gospels," by the Rev. Dr. James Drummond, the principal; "The History of the Religion of Israel," "The Composition of the Pentateuch," "The Doctrine of a Future Life," and "Early Buddhism," by the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, the vice-principal; "Mental Philosophy" and "Ethics," by the

Rev. C. B. Upton; and "The Development of Social Institutions," by Mr. Graham Wallas. All these lectures are open free to members of the university.

THE *Oxford Magazine* for October 25 contains a carefully compiled analytical table of the results of the recent examination for the Indian Civil Service. Out of the total number of 56 selected candidates, it appears that 45 are university men. Oxford has 28, Cambridge 9, Scotland and Ireland 4 each, and Bombay 1. Among the public schools, Clifton seems to have done best. Harrow, Rugby, and St. Paul's are altogether absent; while Eton, Winchester, and Merchant Taylors only managed to secure places near the bottom. It is interesting to find the colonies represented by Queensland, Trinidad, and Newfoundland.

THE numbers of freshmen at the several colleges at Oxford, given in the *ACADEMY* of last week, were not absolutely accurate. By way of correction, we are informed that Exeter has 36, and St. John's 29.

THE University Intelligence given in the *Times* is usually most trustworthy. But on October 25 there were two bad misprints from Oxford. Mr. Alfred Robinson, of New, appears as "Robertson"; and Prof. Pelham (whom we congratulate on his return to Council) as "Phelam."

THE following are some of the papers to be read before the University Extension Philosophical Society, which meets once a month either at Whitelands College, Essex Hall, Toynbee Hall, or University Hall: "Atomism in Psychology," by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet; "The Method of Aesthetic Science," by Prof. J. Sully; "The Nature of Aesthetic Illusion," by Mr. G. F. Stout; "The Economic Comedy of Errors," by Mr. P. H. Wicksteed; and "Aristotle's Conception of the Good," by Mr. R. G. Tattam.

SOME of our readers may be glad to have attention called to an article on the late Master of Balliol in the *New York Nation* of October 12. It is dated from Cambridge, Mass., and signed with the initials W. J. A.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A VARIATION UPON LOVE.

FOR God's sake, let me love you, and give over
These tedious protestations of a lover;
We're of one mind to love, and there's no let:
Remember that, and all the rest forget.
And let's be happy, mistress, while we may,
Ere yet to-morrow shall be called to-day.
To-morrow may be heedless, idle-hearted:
One night's enough for love to have met and parted.

Then be it now, and I'll not say that I
In many several deaths for you would die;
And I'll not ask you to declare that you
Will longer love than women mostly do.
Leave words to them whom words, not doings,
move,
And let our silence answer for our love.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE new number of *Mind* looks somewhat alarmingly ponderous. Idealism, that is the Idealism of the neo-Hegelians, almost monopolises attention. The one article which justifies the title of *Mind* to be an organ of psychology and philosophy is by an American lady, Mrs. C. L. Franklin, on "Theories of Light Sensation." The writer has made a very careful study of the intricate and puzzling subject of colour-sensation. With a full knowledge of the facts to be explained, she subjects both the fashionable theories, those of Helmholtz

and of Hering, to a damaging criticism. She then proceeds to expound a theory of her own, which, to say the least, is ingenious, and makes a plausible attempt to obviate the difficulties which encumber the others. The article is significant of the rapid movement of women to the front in scientific as in other battle-grounds. One may well imagine the expression with which many a German will regard this attack on their giants by an unskilled woman. Yet, unless we are mistaken, the mode of attack renders it anything but contemptible. Another woman's contribution to the journal, by the way, deserves special commendation—viz., an examination into the nature of Logical Judgment, by Miss E. E. C. Jones. The article is written more compactly and clearly than some of this lady's publications, and will well repay attention. Her remarks on the awkward attempt of Drs. Venn and Keynes to give existential import to certain forms of proposition only (particulars) are an excellent example of the value of common sense in scientific discussion. With respect to what may be called the metaphysical articles of this number, the first to claim attention is "A Criticism of Current Idealistic Theories," by Mr. A. J. Balfour. The paper, which is "a chapter extracted from an, as yet, unfinished book not especially designed for philosophic readers," aims at showing that Transcendental Idealism, in dropping out of view Kant's objective factor of knowledge (matter) and emphasising only the subjective factor (form), finds itself incapable of reaching a real world or God. It is curious to read after this the second of Prof. H. Jones's articles on "Idealism and Epistemology." Prof. Jones seems to write as a Hegelian or neo-Hegelian, and the burden of his song is precisely that his system finds no room for epistemology or a theory of knowledge. You cannot, he says, by starting with subjective ideas, find your way to a knowledge of realities represented by these ideas. You only seem to do so because you confuse under subjective states two things—viz., ideas representative of reality outside themselves, and psychical facts regarded as themselves realities from which other modes of reality can be inferred. The article is a smart bit of controversy directed in the main against Prof. Seth. The bewildered reader, anxious to know whether the newest metaphysical lights are leading, will be disposed to ask Mr. Balfour and Prof. Jones to try to come to something like a preliminary understanding as to what the new Idealism does and does not mean. If, as is presumable, they are talking about the same thing, it is pretty evident that one of the two contributors must be shooting absurdly wide of the mark. There remains to be mentioned an article on "Time and the Hegelian Dialectic," by Mr. McTaggart, which deals with the central mysteries of Hegel's doctrine.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

AMELUNG, W. Florentiner Antiken. München. 2 M. 50 Pf.
CHABAUD, Marius. Madagascar: Impressions de voyage. Paris: Challamel. 3 fr. 50 c.
DAREMBERG, G. En orient et en occident: paysages et croquis. Paris: Masson. 3 fr.
EDE, G. Die Schmuckformen der Denkmalsbauten aus alten Silepochen seit der griechischen Antike. 3. Th. Berlin: Siegmund. 10 M. 50 Pf.
EHRHARDT, H. Geschichte der Kunst im Gebiete der Prov. Posen. Berlin: Ernst. 8 M.
FALKE, J. V. Mittelalterliches H.-Lmobilier. Wien: Schroll. 40 M.
HUIT, Ch. La Vie et l'œuvre de Platon. Paris: Thorin. 24 fr.
LEMAITRE, Jules. Impressions de théâtre. 7e Série. Paris: Lecène. 3 fr. 50 c.
LORENZ, O. Goethes politische Lehrjahre. Berlin: Besser. 3 M.
MALOT, Mme. Hector. Le Prince. Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50 c.
PARIS, G. La Légende de Saladin. Paris: Bouillon. 3 fr.
RAYNAUD, H. Jean de Monne, évêque de Valence et de Die. Paris: Thorin. 6 fr.

REICH, E. Henrik Ibsens Dramen. Dresden: Pierson. 3 M.
SANDER, F. Rigveda u. Edda. Berlin: Friedländer. 2 M. 50 Pf.
SCHMIDT, G. Clavigo. Eine Studie zur Sprache des jungen Goethe. Gotha: Perthes. 6 M.
SERSTUPÉV, Léon. L'Europe politique: Gouvernement—Parlement—Presse. T. 1. Paris: Lecène. 9 fr.
ULMANN, H. Sandro Botticelli. München. 16 M.
WICKSELL, K. Ueb. Wert, Kapital u. Rente nach den neueren nationalökonomischen Theorien. Jena: Fischer. 3 M.
ZEICHENBUCHER alter Italiener in den Uniformen zu Florenz. München. 60 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

BECK, L. Die Geschichte des Eisens in technischer u. kulturgeschichtlicher Beziehung. 2. Abt. 1. Th. Das 16. u. 17. Jahrh. 2. Lfg. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 5 M.
CLERGÉ, Michel. Les Météores athéniens. Paris: Thorin. 14 fr.
GUTHRIE, J. Les Registres de Grégoire X (1270–1276). 2e Fasc. Paris: Thorin. 7 fr. 50 c.
JOREZ, Alph. La France sous Louis XVI. T. 3. Mirabeau et les Etats Généraux (1784–1789). Paris: Didier. 6 fr.
LENEU, W. Studien zur Geschichte Paduas u. Veronas im 13. Jahrh. Straßburg: Trübner. 2 M. 50 Pf.
LUCK, Simon. La France pendant la guerre de cent ans. 2e Série. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
MEYER, E. Maria, Landgräfin v. Hessen, geborene Prinzessin v. England. Gotha: Perthes. 6 M.
MÜLLER, G. A. Die Reitergruppe auf den römisch-germanischen Giganten-Säulen. Buhl: Konkordia. 2 M. 50 Pf.
NIEBUHR, C. Geschichte des ebräischen Zeitalters. 1. Bd. 3 M. Versuch einer Reconstitution des Deboralides. 1 M. 50 Pf. Berlin: Nauck.
NIESE, B. Geschichte der griechischen u. makedonischen Staaten seit der Schlacht bei Chaeroneia. 1. Th. Gotha: Perthes. 10 M.
REICHTAGSABTAKT, deutsche. Jüngere Reihe. I. Unter Kaiser Karl V. 1. Bd. Bearb. v. A. Kuckhohn. Gotha: Perthes. 48 M.
ROTHAN, G. La France et sa politique extérieure en 1867. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr.
SCHNORR V. CAROLSFELD, F. Erasmus Alberus. Dresden: Uhlmann. 8 M.
SCHNORR, W. Geschichte der Friedrichs-Universität zu Halle. Berlin: Dümmler. 91 M.
TENCKHOFF, F. Der Kampf der Hohenstaufen um die Mark Ancona u. das Herzogt. Spoleto von der 2. Exkommunikation Friedrichs II. bis zum Tode Konrads. Paderborn: Schöningh. 1 M. 80 Pf.
ZAHN, J. v. Styriaca. Gedrucktes u. ungedrucktes zur steir. Geschichte u. Culturgeschichte. Graz: Moser. 3 M. 80 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BLONDEL, Maurice. L'Action. Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 50 c.
BOLTZMANN, L. Vorlesungen üb. Maxwell's Theorie der Elektrizität u. d. Lichtes. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Barth. 5 M.
GIBARD, R. de. Etudes de géologie biblique. Le déluge devant la critique historique. 1re partie. L'école historique. Freiburg: Beith. 7 fr. 50 c.
HECHT, B. Anleitung zur Kristallberechnung. Leipzig: Barth. 3 M.
LIE, S. Theorie der Transformationsgruppen. 3. Abschnitt. 26 M. Vorlesungen üb. kontinuierliche Gruppen m. geometrischen u. anderen Anwendungen. 24 M. Leipzig: Teubner.
PELSENER, P. Introduction à l'étude des Mollusques. Bruxelles: Larmetia. 6 fr.
SCHEFFLER, H. Die Äquivalenz der Naturkräfte u. das Energiegesetz als Weltgesetz. Leipzig: Forster. 9 M.
SINDEL, G. Einleitung in die Morawissenschaft. 2. Bd. Berlin: Besser. 9 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

CLAUDIANI, C. carmina. Recognovit J. Koch. Leipzig: Teubner. 3 M. 80 Pf.
HANDSCHRIFTEN-VERZEICHNISSE, die der k. Bibliothek zu Berlin. 17. Bd. Verzeichnisse der arabischen Handschriften v. W. Ahlwardt. 5. Bd. Berlin: Asher. 28 M.
HUBNER, E. Monumenta linguae ibericae. Berlin: Reimer. 48 M.
LA ROCHE, J. Beiträge zur griechischen Grammatik. 1. Hft. Leipzig: Teubner. 6 M.
QUELLENWERKE der altindischen Lexikographie. 1. Bd. Wien: Holder. 10 M.
SCHREIBER, J. Manuel de la langue Tigräi. II. Textes et vocabulaire. Wien: Holder. 8 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE METHODS OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

Christchurch, Oxford: Oct. 27, 1893.

I am sorry to trouble you; but I cannot refrain from entering a protest against the injustice of Prof. Sayce's letter in the *ACADEMY* of last week, on the inscribed weight obtained by Dr. Chaplin on the site of Samaria.

The facts of the case, omitting what is irrelevant, are simple. The inscription in question was read by Prof. Sayce in 1890 (*ACADEMY*, August 2, p. 94) as containing the Hebrew particle *shel*, and was referred by him, on account of the form of the characters, to the eighth century B.C. As the use of *shel* at this

period harmonised with the early date to which (upon other grounds) I assigned the Song of Songs in my *Introduction* (1891), I mentioned the fact, giving a reference to Prof. Sayce's letter in the *ACADEMY*, as well as to one by Dr. Neubauer, which appeared simultaneously in the *Athenæum*. Prof. König in his *Einführung in das A. T.* (1893), p. 425, states that he procured an "authentische Nachbildung"—by which, I suppose, he means a cast—of the inscription from the Palestine Exploration Fund in London, which he submitted to the eminent Semitic palaeographer, Prof. Euting, of Strassburg, who read the inscription differently, and declared that in his opinion it did not contain the particle *shel*. Prof. König adds that his own judgment of the inscription agrees with that of Prof. Euting.

Upon the strength of these facts, Prof. Sayce brings a series of charges against the "higher criticism"—of prejudice and an obstinate refusal to listen to facts—which I cannot think that the circumstances at all justify. For Prof. Euting, who is the chief authority for questioning the reading *shel*, though distinguished for his palaeographical knowledge and acquaintance with Semitic inscriptions, is quite unknown as a critic; and of all the men in Germany (or elsewhere) who are "critics," Prof. König, as those who have read any of his writings well know, is one of the most honest, exact, and painstaking that could be named, and the very last man to go with the stream, or to adopt a view unless he had satisfied himself by independent personal investigation that it was adequately borne out by facts.

According to Prof. Sayce, however, Prof. König, finding the *shel* inconvenient for his theory of the date of the Song (though why he should have done so, seeing that it occurs in Jonah and is common in post-Biblical Hebrew, it is difficult to see), and being addicted to the slovenly methods of the "higher criticism," which has no regard for facts, and is never at the pains to examine original objects, was determined at all costs to get rid of the "obnoxious" word; "so an imperfectly executed cast was obtained, and those who had seen the original were informed that it was much to be preferred to it."

All that is here attributed to Prof. König is destitute of foundation in fact. As though either Prof. Euting (whom Prof. Sayce, strangely, does not mention at all), or Prof. König, would work wittingly upon an imperfect copy, or adopt such an unworthy procedure as is attributed to them, for the purpose of evading or suppressing the truth! Even if it be the case (as it very probably is) that the cast used by Profs. Euting and König was one which imperfectly represented the original, the blame (if their reading of the inscription should on this ground have been incorrect) rests, surely, not on the two German scholars, but on the authorities of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who supplied them (as they afterwards, I presume, supplied me) with the imperfect facsimile.

I cannot imagine why Prof. Sayce could not have written to say simply (if the facts so required it) that the two German scholars had misread the inscription in consequence of their having been supplied with an imperfect copy, instead of gratuitously employing the occasion for indulging in acrimonious taunts and baseless insinuations.

S. R. DRIVER.

MR. JACOBS'S REMONSTRANCES.

London: Oct. 23, 1893.

As Mr. Joseph Jacobs has introduced the name of Mr. Andrew Lang into his letters on the Ethics of Reviewing, and as all readers of his letters may not have come across the

critiques to which he refers, I ask leave to state my own case. I shall not dispute Mr. Jacobs's attribution of the articles to me. I was sorry when I found that Mr. Jacobs conceived that I alluded to his birthplace, in one of them. He says that he mentioned his Australian origin in his preface. I may have been careless, but I only observed that he spoke of having heard a story in Australia. I was also sorry that Mr. Jacobs conceived me to mean that he took over Scotch ballads and tales, and altered them for the purpose of disguising their northern character. I can only say that I did not mean to make any such charge, and can only regret that my language was unfortunate enough to convey this impression. But perhaps I was more sorry, not for myself but for Mr. Jacobs, when I read, in his letter to the *Daily News* and in his letter to the *ACADEMY*, his suspicion (as it seemed) of my dishonourable motive. Mr. Jacobs has published several delightful collections of tales for children. I do not agree with his opinion on all points of folklore, and I have expressed my dissent; but I do not think there is one of his books of this kind, including his latest, which I have not warmly recommended to children in reviews. Children, I hope, do not read prefaces and notes; and, though I dislike Mr. Jacobs's treatment of Scotch tales and ballads, though I loved "Tamlane" as a child, and am not in love with Mr. Jacobs's alterations and his prose rendering of it, still, I am sure that English children will enjoy his new book, tales, and pictures.

In one of my articles I was contrasting the English popular genius with that of Scotland, and of the people of the world generally. I think that, in romance, the English people (as distinguished from its literary poets) is deficient on the whole; that the English popular narratives and poems are far below the romantic level of Scotch ballads, and of *Märchen* generally. Exceptions there are: the moon story in Mr. Jacobs's book is among them. Still, English popular tales, as a rule, are "drolls." One misses even such romantic survivals as Scotland has kept: "Rashin Coatie," "Nicht, Nought, Nothing," "The Red Etin, of Ireland," "The Black Bull o' Norraway"—stories found in essence everywhere except in England. That the English people once possessed them is highly probable; Sir Philip Sidney certainly knew "The Black Bull." But the characteristic thing is that England, so far as I know, has forgotten them. I therefore spoke of the lack of romance in English tales, and said that, for handsome princes, hidden treasure, magic trees, seven-headed dragons, and so forth, children must look elsewhere. I was thinking of the world-wide *Märchen*, in which such romantic elements occur; and it will surprise me if the topics desired are absent from Mr. Jacobs's Celtic and Indian fairy books. But, as it chances, I, too, have edited fairy books; and, among the tales, are versions of French literary fairy stories, from Perrault to the Comte de Caylus. These ingenious persons "embroider," in Mlle. L'Héritier's phrase (1696), on the old *données* of treasures, dragons, kings' sons, and so forth. Mr. Jacobs somehow conceived that I was alluding, not to things as old and popular as the gold of Fafnir and Grendel, or as the talking trees of South African folklore, or as the princes of European and Arab and Indian and old Egyptian *Märchen* and their ladies, or as the Slavonic, Romic, and Swahili dragons, but solely to the literary French tales as adapted in my fairy books. Who could anticipate such an opinion? He even imagined, as I understand him (I shall rejoice if I am wrong), that I wished to divert the public from his English tales, to such books of my

editing as contain stories rendered from the French writers of the last century. This theory (if he held it) I can honestly deny. My reference was to the *Contes* and legends of mankind at large, especially in Europe, and in the East. Mr. Jacobs seems to think that late French literary people invented the most ordinary properties of popular romance. This is not my notion, nor could it enter into my mind that anyone entertained such an idea. At all events, holding my own opinion that the said romantic properties are of ancient popular invention, I had not, in my mind, a shadow of a desire to tempt purchasers from Mr. Jacobs's books to my own. However, Mr. Jacobs need entertain no anxiety about my intrigues in the future. I have many a time praised his books for children; henceforth, about them I must be silent.

Mr. Jacobs thinks he has an argument, as against me, because, in Mr. Ward's "English Poets," I have written on Scotch ballads. As a matter of fact, there were few other ballads in any form, linguistically "English," worth writing about. But I did not edit Mr. Ward's book, and am not responsible for the name he gave it. Though the book was called "English Poets," I did not attribute to the English the ballads of the Scotch, for the *critique* was occupied with the question, Why are Scotch ballads so much more romantic than those of England? It contains the same ideas about Scotch as compared with English ballads as I maintain about Scotch as compared with English *märchen*. This inclusion of Scotch ballads, this defence of their merit, in a book of "English Poets," is hardly a justification of the process by which Mr. Jacobs expurgates and alters "Tamlane," and then calls a Scotch poem an English tale! But I plead guilty of a greater crime. I have, quite unjustifiably, included Claverhouse among "English Worthies." I thought that the countrymen of Marlborough and Sunderland needed the example of Dundee.

I seem not only to be unlucky myself, with Mr. Jacobs, but to involve others in my misfortunes. In the last number of *Folk Lore* (iv. 3, 281) Mr. Jacobs, arguing against the "Casualist" theory of the diffusion of popular tales (which I do not hold except in cases which I have not space to describe) says, "M. Bédier, in his recent study of *Les Fabliaux* is quite the casualist (*sic*) and quotes Mr. Lang as his authority." Now, in *Les Fabliaux* (p. 39), M. Bédier says, "les contes se transmettent par voie d'emprunt"—"stories are diffused by borrowing," and he attacks me for being of the opposite opinion, which I am not. Let Mr. Jacobs say what he likes of me, but why need he say that M. Bédier holds ideas the very opposite of what he does hold? Why say that M. Bédier cites me as his authority, when, in fact, he assails my supposed theory? This is worse than saying that Gorgonzola, in a French tale, was a dragon! Has Mr. Jacobs read M. Bédier?

I leave the topic with a renewed expression of regret that I wounded Mr. Jacobs's feelings, with a renewed assurance that I did not mean to advertise my wares to the disadvantage of his books. The delay in publishing Mr. Jacobs's letter was due to an accident. It could not well be published when it was following me about the Border; and I returned it and replied to it on the day that I received it, writing in the train to save time.

A. LANG.

AN ADULTRESS'S CONFESSION IN 1561.

London: Oct. 21, 1893.

In the volume of Depositions in the Bishop's Court at Chester, 1561-6, the most touching thing is the conscience-wrought confession of a wife who refused her husband for another man, Peter Hartley, and passed off his child

as her husband's. It seems to me worthy of a wider circulation than it will get in our Early English Text Society's volume—only one person in 500,000 cares for Early English—and so I send it to the ACADEMY.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

"ELIZABETH SHUTTLEWORTH'S CONFESSION.

(lf. 77 bk.) Responsiones personales Elizabethæ Shotilworth super certis articulis sibi per Laurencium Shotilworth obiectis, capte coram magistro Roberto Leche, &c., ix 'die Octobris, 1561.'

This Respondent says, that she was Lawfully married vnto Laurence Shotilworth without any Lawful Impediment betwix them; & that she was, and is, his Lawfull wief, and hath had vj or vij Children by the said Laurence. further beyng demaundid why she did, contrary to her promes made, & contrary to the Lawe of wedlocke, play the hoore: she answerid, 'her grace was no better' / beyng askid who was the Adulter with her, she says, 'one Peter Hartley of the parish of Colne; and they were neibouris together; and the said Peter had a child bie this respondent yet Livinge, which was the last child this Respondent bare of her body' / beyng askid, 'howe longe sins the said Peter drewe into her Company unlawfully': she says, 'it is about iijij^r yeres ago; & to discharge her Conscience, this Respondent [confesses that she] had a child suppoied to be her husbandes, callid Jone, bie the said Peter Hartley: and Peter Hartley hath had offence to do with her within this iijij^r yeres, [rather] then her husband.' beyng askid 'howe this matter first apperid to her husbandes knowledge,' she says, 'she lovid Peter Hartley so well, that she wold not suffer her husband to lye with her; and so, when he perceyvid this Respondent to be with child, he perceyvid her noughtie lief and misdeameour; & because he did not lye with her, he knewe certainly it cold not be his.' beyng demaundid 'whether she can burthen her husband with his mislyvinge with women,' she answeris, 'she cannot truly burthen or suspect hym' / beyng askid whether any other had to do with her but Peter Hartley, sins she was married,' she says 'no'; and that, she may depose on the Sacrament. beyng askid 'whether she was compellid by force, or alurid by faire promysse, to confesse so much against herself': she says 'no; for she doth hit only to save her othe, and discharge her Conscience; because hit is a matter of Truthe.' beyng askid 'howe she will lye hereafter': sais, 'she cannot mary; and her husband hath refusid her; she sais she knowis not, but as God will provide for her.' beyng threatenid to do penance, she desires [the Chancellor] to be good to her, and she will do what she shalbe assigned to do /"

WAS LINDUM A COLONIA?

London: Oct. 21, 1893.

I am extremely glad that Mr. Bradley has raised the question of the origin of the name "Lincoln." Approaching the problem from another side, I have found insuperable difficulty created by the acceptance of the orthodox derivation.

Mr. Freeman observed that "the ending *coln*, the same, of course, as *Colonia Agrippina*, *Köln*, is, as far as I know, peculiar to Lincoln in English local nomenclature" (*Norm. Conq.* iv., 210). In his paper on "Lindum Colonia" (*Macmillan's* xxxii., 333), he went more fully into the question of the name, urging that—

"In its ending it proclaims the rank which Lindum held among Roman cities; that ending, unique in English geography, would be enough to tell us, if the Geographer of Ravenna had failed to set it down in writing, that Lindum was a colony of Rome . . . the city by the Witham keeps her earlier name as well as the title of her Roman rank, and proclaims herself through the whole of her long history as the colony of Lindum."

* In a footnote Mr. Freeman adds: "I believe that the title of 'Colonia' is not added to the name of Lindum anywhere but by the Ravenna

Returning to the subject again and again, he pointed out that—

"The name of Lincoln is purely Roman; it has ever been so thoroughly the colony that no one has ever ventured to add to it any of the common endings of the name of an English town. . . . We see the same feeling, though in an opposite shape, in the process by which the other colony of Camulodunum has received its English name of Colchester" (p. 334).

Working from this conclusion, Mr. Freeman argued,

"That if Lindum Colonia ever lay in the state of a waste *chester*, it was but for a very short time. It was settled again and named again while the memory of its old name and its old rank were still fresh" (*Macmillan's* xxxvi. 125).

And he avowed himself inclined to "make the same inference in the case of Colchester," because, "in British and in English alike it remains the city of the colony" (*ib.*). The case of Colchester presents its own difficulties; and I will only allude to it here to illustrate the case of Lincoln.

When we find Mr. Freeman's papers headed "Lindum Colonia" and "Colonia Camulodunum," it may, in Mr. Bradley's phrase, "appear ridiculous" to ask if Lincoln and Colchester ever had these names; but it will, at least, be admitted that the differing forms raise suspicions at the outset. For my part—though it may be rank heresy—I cannot understand on what principle such "double-barrelled" names could be formed. That "Camulodunum" became "Colonia" is simple enough; and this "Colonia" might be distinguished as "Camulodunensis" or "Claudiana," like "Colonia Agrippina." But I see no more evidence for "Lincoln" involving the form "Lindum Colonia," than for "Exeter" or "Gloucester" involving the forms, "Isca castrum," or "Glevum castrum," which, as I have elsewhere said, are mere inventions. And, as Mr. Bradley observes of the Ravenna Geographer, "there is nothing to show that he regarded *colonia* as forming part of the current name."

I would venture to suggest, tentatively, a fresh solution of the difficulty. Reference to the plan given in Mr. Freeman's *Norman Conquest* will show that Lincoln possessed a peculiar feature in the rectangular earthworks covering the city on the north. Mr. Freeman jumped at the conclusion that these were pre-Roman, and wrote accordingly, throughout, of "the earlier site of the Briton." But Mr. G. D. Clark believed them (quite rightly, I think) to be post-Roman, the work of Romanised Britons. Now, if we turn to his paper on "The Defences of York" (*Arch. Journ.* xxi., 221), we find him describing similar earthworks there, and comparing them with those of Wallingford and Wareham (p. 232). It seems to me that Lincoln, like York, may have outgrown its Roman limits, and have become an important stronghold of the Romanised Britons, bearing a British name (as Mr. Bradley suggests). Its case would thus be parallel to that of York, which retained its native name with no appended "ceaster."

The question is well worth following out; and, indeed, I have always thought that the place-names of our oldest towns are in need of scientific study, instead of being left a prey (as they are) to the fancies of mediæval chroniclers and the guesses of modern antiquaries.

J. H. ROUND.

Geographer, v. 31. The right of the city to the rank of colony has therefore been called in question; but it seems to me that the name of the city and the statement of the Geographer form two independent pieces of evidence which cannot be got over."

[London: Oct. 21, 1893.

Mr. Bradley hopes someone will continue his investigations into the meaning of "Lincoln." I venture to add a few words to his interesting letter. I think he has made it clear that *Colonia* contributes nothing to the word. That *Coln* represents a British river-termination seems likely; and the Lind Cylne of Coenwulf's Charter (or Lind Ceolne of the Lambeth MS.) if it be, as it appears, a river-name, is a case in point. The Hertfordshire Colne had this name as far back as a Charter of Offa (785), and a Ceolnes Wylla appears in Somerset in a Charter of 808. But one naturally asks if the river Witham was ever thus designated. Leland calls the river the Lindis, and we know that the early designation of the Bishops of Lincoln was *Lindisfaronensis*. The Roman town, like the cathedral, was built on the hill.

We are still no nearer to the origin of *Coln* in the compound.

I hesitate suggesting as a possible source the Welsh word *Celyn* (= holly), which enters not seldom into place-names. As a parallel to such a combination, we have in the Lincolnshire Survey of Henry I. a *Lindwde* (now *Lynwode*) in Lindsey and not far from Lincoln.

As to the identification of Hever with *Hean gfre* there are other difficulties beside the spelling. Hever appears in compounds elsewhere in which this sense is hardly admissible, e.g., Heverslond; and if Linckhill was in Ruxley, the same Hundred as Bexley, Hever is in Sutton Lath.

Eadelm's Bridge appears in one early document for Eden Bridge; but in others equally early it occurs as Eadulf's Bridge, and in Domesday as Adelove's Bridge.

Of the other places named in Coenwulf's Charter, Plumworth (Inq. Post. Mort. 20, Henry III.) near Ospringe may represent Plumwearding. Perhaps the Lindhyrg of a Charter of Offa to Rochester (764) may contain an element in Lind Cylne.

EDMUND MCCLURE.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Manchester: Oct. 25, 1893.

My attention has been called to a paragraph in the ACADEMY of October 14, under the heading "University Jottings," which contains the following passage:

"The new buildings of Manchester College, Oxford—for thus the old Unitarian institution originally founded at Manchester in 1786 is henceforth to be styled—will be formally inaugurated next week."

This "institution" or college has, from its first foundation in 1786, when Dr. Barnes dedicated it "To Truth, to Liberty, and to Religion," the words inscribed over the entrance to the new buildings, has, in the terms of its motto, always "adhered to its original principle of freely imparting theological knowledge without insisting on the adoption of particular theological doctrines."

It is not and never was a Unitarian institution. Under its various names of Manchester Academy, Manchester College, Manchester New College, and again Manchester College, and at Manchester, York, Manchester again, London, and Oxford (the several places of its sojourn), it has been equally free and open from all doctrinal tests or names, and striven to be not unworthy of its words of dedication and this principle of freedom for teachers and taught expressed in its motto. There has been no change in the principles or in the name of the college on its removal to Oxford, except that out of courtesy to New College, its nearest neighbour at Oxford, it has dropped the word *New* from the name it bore in London, and will henceforth be known as Manchester College instead of Manchester New College.

A. H. WORTHINGTON,
Secretary of Manchester College.

THE MEANING OF "GEFEIT."

Liverpool: Oct. 27, 1893.

In my notice of Mr. Leland's *Heine* I have myself committed a blunder—not one, however, to bring much profit to Mr. Leland.

A friend, whose learning is deeper than mine, tells me that *gefeit* really means "endowed (with supernatural powers) by fays," "enchanted," "charmed." Hence, in the passage quoted, *verfehmt und zugleich gefeit* might be translated "at once ban-smitten and spell-fenced," or paraphrased "like Cain, accursed yet unscathable." The antithesis of the epithets is thus made clear, and the harmony to which I referred remains untouched.

There is another small fault in the article: where I wrote *Ary* Scheffer the printer has *Any*, in spite of correction of proof.

R. M'LINTOCK.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, Oct. 29, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "Savages and Barbarians, viewed in the Light of Modern Research, especially in Germany and Russia," by Prince Kropotkin.
4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Engineering, Past and Present," by Mr. J. Swift.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "War: its Gradual Elimination Desirable and Practicable," by Mr. Hodgson Pratt.
- MONDAY, Oct. 30, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration: "The Surface Forms of the Living Body—The Trunk," by Prof. W. Anderson.
- TUESDAY, Oct. 31, 6 p.m. London Institution: "The Principles of Commercial Geography applied to the British Empire," V., by Dr. H. B. Mill.
- WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1, 8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Shakespeare's Measure for Measure," by Mr. W. Poel.
4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The Immuring of Nuns who have Broken Their Vows," by Mr. Edward Peacock. "The Beginnings of Lithography," by Mr. Emanuel Green.
- THURSDAY, Nov. 2, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Surface Forms of the Living Model—the Upper Extremity," I., by Prof. W. Anderson.
8 p.m. Linnæan: "A Contribution to the Phanerogamic Flora of Mato Grosso and the Northern Chaco," by Mr. Spencer Le Marchant Moore; "A New Fresh-water Schizopod from Tasmania," by Mr. G. M. Thomson.
- FRIDAY, Nov. 3, 3 p.m. Geologists' Association: Conversatione.
8 p.m. Philological: "The First Riddle (so-called) in the Exeter Book," and "Puzzling Words in the Alliterative Poems," by Mr. I. G. Lancel.

SCIENCE.

A Manual of Linguistics. By John Clark. (Edinburgh: Thin.)

THE word "manual" too often suggests a compendium of facts and precepts, gathered together with more regard to brevity than to style or general interest. This is very far from being the case with Mr. Clark's book, which is of real interest from beginning to end. Moreover, it supplies an actual want to both students and teachers, by serving as a guide to the somewhat confusing mass of literature which has appeared of late years upon linguistics and phonetics. A student who had mastered this book would be able to proceed straight to the study of Brugmann, Paul, and Sweet, whose writings, it is to be feared, are now perused almost exclusively by specialists. The author is also a practical teacher, as will be evident to one who tries to employ the present manual as a text-book in class. The style is terse and vigorous: the arguments are clearly stated, and the conclusions are carefully and logically drawn. The reader may possibly be tempted to complain from time to time that he hears too little of what the author himself thinks about the different conclusions arrived at by his authorities; and this is the more to be regretted because, when Mr. Clark trusts himself to pronounce a definite opinion upon difficult or controverted questions, it is an

opinion that seems well worthy of attention (cf. p. 159 as against p. 30).

The manual contains a list of authorities which cannot but be most useful to all beginners of the study of linguistics; and the author has evidently been a careful gleaner of the knowledge imparted by such contemporary records as the *American Journal of Philology* and the *Indo-Germanische Forschungen*. For a future edition he might do well to add Hearn's *Aryan Household*, Rendall's treatise on *The Home of the Aryans*, and Hehn's classical work on *The Wandering of Plants and Animals* (especially the appendices, which are available only in the original); while for a precise explanation of accent, stress, &c., we would refer him to Arsène Darmesteter's posthumous work on the French language edited by Prof. Muret of Geneva. It seems to be a strong point with Mr. Clark that he can seize at once the relevant matter in a long and perplexed statement, and present it with lucidity and precision: for the books cited, if of undoubted importance, are also of undoubted length, and in some cases of undoubted perplexity as well.

The first chapter gives us a picture of the Aryans, their culture and original home; and we have succeeding chapters on "Letters, their Origin and Order"; "Sound Relations in Indo-European Vowels and Diphthongs"; "Semi-vowels, Spirants, &c."; "Explosives"; "Vocalic and Consonantal Affections"; "Analogy"; "Ablaut and Accent"; "Grimm's Law, Verner's Law"; "Sound Relations in English"; "Introduction and Short Vowels"; "Sound Relations in English"; "Long Vowels and Consonants." An excellent index is added.

The author seems to lay no claim to originality so far as this is displayed in actually adding to our knowledge. But he follows throughout the best authorities, such as Brugmann for general Indo-European, and Sweet for English phonology. Occasionally, however, from a laudable wish to be "up to date" and from a real sense of scientific justice, he quotes authorities such as Mr. J. Donovan (p. lxviii.), who, "with words of weight, argues that articulation had its origin in the impassioned intonations of festal excitement!" It is invidious to make distinctions between major and minor prophets; but certainly in the case of a writer whose object is to state the latest conclusions arrived at on the subject of linguistics, it would seem wiser to pay attention only to the utterances of those whom the minor prophets themselves would recognise as their masters.

The task which Mr. Clark set before him was to select leading facts and principles, and to illustrate these fully by examples; and in that task he has succeeded. It might, however, have been better if he had given yet more copious references, in order to enable the class of readers for whom he writes (i.e., beginners or laymen) to verify facts and to investigate principles for themselves. It must further be stated that Mr. Clark's book takes for granted that his readers understand a great deal about phonetics; and he constantly uses technical terms, such as the description of sounds as "low-back, wide-round," "breath-glide,"

"glottal buzz," &c. Take such a sentence as this (p. 212): "M.E. *later* is legitimately represented by *latter*, for the M.E. form fortified with the back-shortening termination would resist lengthening." Such sentences imply a careful training on the part of the student or reader; and we wish that Mr. Clark had explained all his terms before using them, even though the book thereby might have been rendered a little more bulky. On the other hand, there are passages, such as those on the origin of language referred to above, which have no scientific value. It would have been better to have stated the difficulties that beset the whole problem, such as the fact that language is always found in the form of a sentence only, &c., and that all beyond such facts is hypothetical. Besides, how does Mr. Donovan know that animals have no language?

The account of the second H. G. sound-shifting is not very intelligible, because Mr. Clark does not distinguish between the H. G. dialects and the so-called H. G. literary language, nor does he quite clearly distinguish the changes in anlaut, inlaut, and auslaut (chap. vii.). In the same way his remark (p. 166), that German writers on Teutonic philology do not include Anglo-Saxon among Low-German dialects, shows that he confuses the term *Niederdeutsch* as applied to the German dialects with the same term when applied to Teutonic languages and dialects generally. On p. 154 the different uses of pitch, stress, and accent, should have been carefully explained; and the consideration that Latin in adopting the Greek metres laid exclusive weight upon the stress accent, is sufficient proof that to Latin ears at least the Greek accent at the time of the transference of these metres seemed to be not a musical accent, but an accent denoting stress, which would in some cases, of course, coincide with the musical accent. On p. 155 the word accent should have been explained with reference to Latin; and the word "barytonesis" is too hard for a beginner.

A few remarks on minute points may claim the author's attention for a second edition. On p. 14 the second *a* in (not *on*) *παράροι* is the Greek fashion of representing the pronunciation of the Sk. *ri*-vowel, and not, as Mr. Clark states, "of writing" it. On p. 17 and *sqq.* the headline is wrong, and seems to have been imported from a school-inspector's report. On the same page the sound *r* is not heard in "butter." P. 1., for "wether," read "weather"; p. xiv., Mr. Clark wrongly calls *mazdos*, a nom. sing. masculine, "a root"; p. 290, "island" should not have been cited as an instance where sounds are spoken of; and, generally speaking, in the chapter on "Sound Relations in English," sounds and spellings are not strictly enough distinguished. On p. 285, "As *hwo* appears as *wh*—'who' (*hwā*)," a better example would have been "what," *hwat*. On p. 282, "guest" and "ghost" are instances of spelling, and not of pronunciation. On p. 196, something might well have been said about the relation of spelling to speaking, and *vice versa*. On p. 153, l. 10, a bad misprint occurs; and, in l. 17, for "mutually,"

read "indifferently." Purists will not allow the spelling "disyllabic" (p. 158); and the use of "claims" on p. 159 is American-English. On p. 186 Mr. Clark states that Norman-French had no influence on the linguistic development of English. Surely it helped to settle the plural form *s* as the characteristic plural of English instead of *-en*; and surely also it had some influence upon the order of words.

But these are small points; and we are glad to be able to characterise the work before us as one likely to be useful to students and teachers alike.

HERBERT A. STRONG.

INDIAN JOTTINGS.

THE last Part of *Epigraphia Indica* (Kegan Paul & Co.) contains a very valuable paper, by Prof. Bühler on "The Pillar Edicts of Asoka." It is based throughout upon impressions from the originals, three of which are now published in facsimile for the first time. These edicts are seven in number, several of which are repeated on more than one pillar. Prof. Bühler here prints the text of each, in Roman transliteration, giving the several versions in parallel columns, together with an English rendering and copious notes. With regard to the three inscriptions now published in facsimile for the first time—those of Radhia, Mathia, and Rampurva—Prof. Bühler insists upon a point of great palaeographical importance, which he extends also to the two Delhi inscriptions. In each case he maintains that the verbal discrepancies are so slight that they cannot be ascribed to different draughtsmen; in other words, that the copies were made from a common MS. This agreement extends to the joining of words by hyphens, and to the separation of words by intervals. The joining of words implies that they are to be construed together, while the intervals are to be regarded as marks of punctuation. From these principles, Prof. Bühler draws rules as to the permissibility of certain proposed interpretations. He further lays down some other principles, which have guided him in dissenting from his predecessors. First, he refuses to admit any conjectural emendations which involve the alteration of the text contained in more than one version, preferring to extract a meaning from the actual readings. Secondly, he argues that a full elucidation of Asoka's edicts can only be accomplished with the help of Brahmanical literature (such as the *Rajavali*), and by a comparison of existing Hindu customs. Thirdly, he believes it certain that Asoka had not become a Buddhist at the time when the pillar edicts were engraved. Up to the close of the twenty-seventh year of his reign, Asoka continued to preach the spread of that general morality which all Indian religions, based on the Path of Knowledge, prescribe for the people, and which is common to Brahmans, Jains, and Buddhists. This Prof. Bühler hopes to prove hereafter, in a discussion of the rock edicts.

THE same Part of *Epigraphia Indica* further contains: the conclusion of Dr. A. Führer's account of several early inscriptions recently found by him in a Buddhist cave near Pabhosa, some of which may go back to the second century B.C.; a fresh edition, from a more complete impression, of an inscription previously edited by Prof. Bühler; and a number of modern Mohammedan inscriptions from Behar, edited by Dr. Paul Horn.

AYINASH CHANDRA KAVIRATNA is going on steadily with his translation of Sanskrit medical texts. The sixth part of the transla-

tion of the Charaka-Samhitā, which has just appeared, contains much that ought to be of interest to the student of the history of medicine. A picture occurs of a domestic hospital, such as, in those days, princes and noblemen were advised to have for their own use. The requisites mentioned are much the same as the articles which are required in modern hospitals. The translator, who is himself a practising physician in India, warns us against being misled by the native terminology. He holds, for instance, that when Hindu medicine speaks of wind, bile, and phlegm, what is meant is not the actual wind in the body, or the bile that escapes from the liver, or the phlegm that is expectorated, but certain conditions of the body which are known by their action. When certain effects are produced, they are attributed to causes called wind, bile, or phlegm; but practically each of these words means no more than a certain group of phenomena which had to be named, and which might quite as well have been designated by any other technical term. He thinks that this will appear more plainly when more fasciculi of his translations have been published.

MR. G. A. GRIERSON has reprinted from the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society* a paper of about eighty pages, on the "Padumawati" of Malik Mohammad, which claims to be the oldest known poem in Hindi, the vernacular of Northern India. The poem is interesting for many reasons. In the first place, its author, though a Musalman saint, was familiarly acquainted both with Hindu lore and with the eclectic doctrines of Kabir. Secondly, the poem itself possesses considerable originality, being based, not upon any incident in the epics, but upon the historical capture of Chitor; it is also marked by complete tolerance towards the Hindus. Lastly, it has the philological curiosity of having been originally written in the Persian character, so that it preserves the contemporary pronunciation of the vernacular. Mr. Grierson has undertaken the task of turning the Persian into Devanagari, with the help of some MSS. that give vowel points and others written in a Sanskritised form of Devanagari. He here prints in full only the introduction, with a translation and copious notes, critical and explanatory. Of the remainder of the poem, he gives an analysis, which allows us to judge of its literary merit. Hereafter, he hopes to publish, with native help, a satisfactory edition of the whole. His devotion to the subject may be gathered from the fact that he has mastered the Indian game of backgammon, in order to find the meaning of one obscure passage. The date of the poem, we ought to have stated, is 1540 A.D.: that is to say, the very year when Sher Shah, the Afghan, drove Humayun, the father of Akbar, out of India.

WE have received Part II. of the second volume of *South Indian Inscriptions* (Kegan Paul & Co.), edited by Dr. E. Hultzsch, epigraphist to the Madras Government. It contains the text and translation of a large number of Tamil inscriptions in the great temple of Tanjore. Most of them merely record the gift of images or offerings, the usual form being to recite that a sum of money has been lent to a village community, who are bound to pay interest in perpetuity at the rate of 12½ per cent. Some of the inscriptions are historically valuable, as supplying dynastic name, or as indicating the date of certain works of Tamil literature. The Part is illustrated with facsimiles, and with two photographs of the temple.

WE may mention here that the October number of *India* contains a very interesting article on the late Justice Telang, written by Prof. John Adam, of Pachayappa's College,

Madras. Kashinath Trimbak Telang was not only in the front rank as a lawyer and a politician. He was also an excellent Sanskrit scholar—witness his contribution to the "Sacred Books of the East"; and he devoted considerable time to researches in Mahratta history, which (we hope) may yet see the light. He died two months ago, at the early age of forty-three.

SCIENCE NOTES.

AT the annual general meeting of the London Mathematical Society, to be held on November 9, the following will be balloted for as officers for the session 1893-4. Mr. A. B. Kempe, president; Messrs. Basset, Elliott, and Greenhill, vice-presidents; Dr. Larmor, treasurer; Messrs. M. Jenkins and R. Tucker, hon. secretaries. The following are nominated as ordinary members of council: Lieut.-Col. J. R. Campbell, Lieut.-Col. A. J. Cunningham, Drs. Forsyth, Glaisher, Hill, and Hobson, Mr. Love, Major P. A. MacMahon, and Mr. J. J. Walker. At the same meeting, which is made special for the purpose, the following resolution will be submitted by the council:

"That the London Mathematical Society be incorporated as a Limited Liability Company, under section 23 of the Companies Act, 1867, and that the council be empowered to take the necessary steps to carry this resolution into effect."

The presentation of the De Morgan medal, awarded by the council in June last, will be made at the same time to Prof. Felix Klein, the medallist, who is expected to be present to receive it.

THE Geologists' Association will hold a conversation on Friday next, November 2, at 8 p.m., in the library of University College, Gower-street. Beside various geological specimens and photographs, the exhibits will include a collection of autograph letters of some of the earlier palaeontologists, shown by the secretary, Mr. C. Davies Sherborn.

FROM a corrected list of the different classes of members composing the Institution of Civil Engineers, it appears that that body is now composed of 5241 corporate members, and of 1177 attached classes, making together 6418.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

MANCHESTER GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Oct. 13.)

THE REV. F. F. CORNISH, president, in the chair.—Mr. C. E. Tyrer read a paper on "Goethe in Sicily." Goethe, after considerable hesitation, embarked at Naples on March 29, 1787. He reached Palermo after four days of a somewhat rough passage, the involuntary leisure of which he employed in versifying some acts of "Tasso." His first impressions of Palermo and its surroundings were vivid and delightful; in fact, he seems to have seen everything *coulour de nous*. He calls Monte Pellegrino the most beautiful promontory in the world, and speaks with enthusiasm of the luxuriant vegetation in the gardens and open spaces. Palermo must in his time have been even more beautiful than it is to-day, when factories, railways, and ugly suburbs have detracted from its charms. In Goethe's description of Palermo and of Sicily in general, his chief interests—joy in the beauties of nature, enthusiasm for the natural sciences, and love of classical art—are very clearly displayed. On the other hand, he shows no appreciation of the remarkable mediæval architecture of Sicily, and passes by without notice buildings so fine as the Palace Chapel and the Cathedral of Monreale, with its unique mosaic paintings. He is comparatively indifferent to historical associations; and in the Valley of the Oreto, instead of listening to his guide's description of the battle between the Carthaginians and Romans fought there, he tries to make out the geology of the district by examining the pebbles in the stream. In the public

garden he follows his speculations about the *Urpflanze*, which later on led to the publication of his *Metamorphosis of Plants* (1790). He takes interest in the family of Count Cagliostro, whom later (1791) he made the subject of one of his plays, "The Gross-Kophta," and in the monstrous statues, even now visible, of the Villa Pallagonia; and he describes very faithfully the fine grotto-chapel of St. Rosalia, the patron-saint of Palermo, still apparently unchanged. From Palermo, on April 18, Goethe rode into the interior of the island with his artist-friend Knipf, passing through Alcamo, Segesta, and Castelvetro to Girgenti, and everywhere visiting the remains of classical art. The lecturer described from his own experience the temples of Girgenti, the ancient Agragas, the remains of which still exist near the southern wall that forms the base of the irregular triangle occupied by the ancient city. Portions of six temples survive; one, the so-called Temple of Concord, in an almost perfect condition, owing to its having been converted during the middle ages into a Christian church, the additional strength thus imparted to its walls enabling it to resist the action of the earthquakes which completely shattered most of the others. Several are now mere heaps of ruins. These temples, like many others in Sicily, were all built of a porous and friable limestone, originally coated with stucco for the sake of appearance and durability; and when the stucco-covering was lost, the stone beneath was gradually eaten away by the action of the *Sciocco*, and thus became unable to resist the earthquake shocks. Portions of the stucco-coverings of these temples, as well as of others in Sicily, were originally painted in bright colours. From Girgenti, Goethe passed into the interior of the island, an undulating hilly country, bare of trees, but richly covered with corn, and gay in spring with an abundance of brilliant flowers, the towns being perched high on the hills or on their very crests. He spent one night in a miserable inn at Castro Giovanni, the ancient Enna, on the top of a commanding rock in the centre of the island and surveying almost the whole of it, but with nothing to suggest its mythical renown as the scene of the rape of Proserpine, it being now almost destitute alike of trees, of flowers, and of water. On May 1, Goethe reached Catania, an uninteresting modern town, all its antiquities having been either destroyed by earthquakes or deeply buried beneath the lava of Etna. He then proceeded northward along the beautiful and fertile coast to Taormina. Of the remains of the Greek theatre and the prospect commanded by its site, he gives a glowing but by no means over-enthusiastic description. Goethe's last days in Sicily were spent at Messina, then still suffering from the effects of the terrible earthquake which had almost destroyed the town four years before; and his interview and relations with the governor are recorded in his diary with much vividness and humour. He took passage on a French merchantman for Naples, where, after narrowly escaping shipwreck, he arrived once more about the middle of May. The acquaintance Goethe made with "this queen of islands" was an imperfect one; and it is in particular a matter of surprise that he omitted to visit Syracuse, perhaps the most interesting spot in the whole of Sicily. But, nevertheless, he carried away with him a delightful impression, and speaks, in writing to Herder shortly afterwards, of the wealth of material he has acquired, which he will need rest and leisure to use. Of his projected drama of "Nausikaa," over the plan of which, as he informs us, he "dreamed away" the greater portion of his time in Sicily, nothing unfortunately remains save the scheme and a few fragments.—A discussion followed, in which the secretary suggested the possibility of Goethe's "Kennst du das Land" having been composed during or after his stay in Sicily.

FINE ART.

HADRIAN'S WALL.

In the course of the last summer, much attention has been paid to the Roman Wall in Northern England. Excavations have been designed and commenced, various other investigations have been undertaken, and, in particular, the whole extent of the work was carefully examined by General von Sarwey, the military director of the *Reichs-Limes-Kommission*, and a party of Oxford and north country archaeologists. In the following paragraphs I am speaking only for myself; but it seems worth while to inquire what light—and darkness—has recently been thrown on the problems of the Wall.

Hadrian's Wall is the name commonly given to the remains of Roman frontier works which stretch for some eighty miles from Wallsend, east of Newcastle, to Bowness on Solway. The name is more convenient than accurate, for the works consist of two parts. On the north we have the stone wall, six or eight feet thick, and originally, it may be, sixteen or eighteen feet high, with a ditch in front and turrets, "milecastles," and forts at suitable intervals. South of this, at a distance of sometimes a few yards, sometimes almost a mile, is the Vallum, which is an earthwork consisting generally of a ditch, with two ramparts to the south and one to the north. Geographically, it is best to treat Wall and Vallum together, and divide the whole into three parts. From Newcastle past Chesters to Sewingshields, the two works run close together in straight lines along high plateaux north of the Tyne. The outlook to north and south is wide, but the line selected is not specially strong for defence. At Sewingshields the country alters. The Wall, leaving the Vallum, runs along the northern brink of basalt cliffs, often impregnable and everywhere skilfully placed in strong positions. The Vallum continues in its straight sections through the valley to the south, sometimes closely commanded on both sides, and never deviating to seize a defensive position. At Greenhead the basalt and the hills end, and the Wall and Vallum, rejoining, run on side by side in straight courses over country which becomes flatter and flatter as you approach Carlisle. For the tourist, the central portion is the most interesting: there the remains and the landscape are alike most imposing. In the eastern section, Wade's military road, constructed just after 1745, has destroyed most of the Wall and much of the Vallum, while in the west Wall and Vallum have alike vanished wholly before the ploughman.

The object of the Wall is plain. Like the Great Wall of China, it is a fortification to bar ingress and resist armed attack. Inscriptions seem to prove that it, with its turrets and milecastles and forts, was built by Hadrian and his *legatus*, Platorius Nepos, and in general its arrangements are clear. Even the absence of a connecting road along it need not perplex us; it is possible enough that communication was along the Wall itself. One feature, however, is puzzling. The eastern and western sections, rigidly adhering to straight lines, pursue a course which is not always or especially suited for defence. The western section may be perhaps excused, for Solway Moss lay in front of it; but no such reason applies to the long stretch between Newcastle and Sewingshields. It remains true that the Wall is strongest where the Vallum is not near it, on the basalt crags of the centre.

The object of the Vallum is not at all plain. Dr. Bruce saw in it a rear defence for the Wall against southern insurgents, and called Wall and Vallum one homogeneous whole. The intimate connexion of the two is obvious, but

it is equally obvious that the central section of the Vallum can have had no military object. It would have been easy to carry the work a little way up the slope to north or south, and render it capable of defence from whichever side was required; but this was not done, and the unmilitary character of the work is stamped boldly upon it. Possibly it was political: its ditch and ramparts emphasised, as in Germany, a political frontier, surveyed by civil engineers. If so, that frontier was earlier than the Wall. We cannot fix its date: we may think of Petilius Cerealis or Agricola, or anyone else, without any evidence to justify us; but we can, at least, guess that Hadrian built his stone wall because the political frontier, however much guarded by forts and the Stanegate, had proved insufficient to awe the barbarians. Dr. Hodgkin's excavations will, one hopes, reveal much more than this "blind man's buff" hypothesis, but the facts yet known do allow us to set up the non-military character of the Vallum as a working theory.

Meanwhile, other finds in the mural region throw some light on the occupation during the third century. By that time the Scotch Wall of Antonine has disappeared: if it was held, we have no traces. The English Wall was still a bulwark, but the roads and the forts along them come into more prominence. If we may trust inscriptions, the Roman troops garrisoned the Watling-street so far as High Rochester (*Bremenium*) and probably held a western road up to Birrens (*Blatium Bulginum*). These points, strangely enough, are the ends of the Roman road system as detailed in the Antonine Itinerary, and the coincidence suggests that the evidence of the inscriptions is more than an accidental negative. On the forts along the roads south of these points we find numerous inscriptions belonging to Alexander Severus, Gordian III., Philip, and the like; such, e.g., as the dedication to *Dea Garmangabis* erected by a troop of Suebi at Lanchester and recently published in the *ACADEMY*.

F. HAVERFIELD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COINAGE OF THEMISTOCLES.

British Museum: Oct. 23, 1893.

In Mr. Oman's able review of my *Catalogue of the Greek Coins of Ionia in the British Museum* in the last number of the *ACADEMY* (p. 348) there is one singular statement which, as it is in direct contradiction to fact, I cannot allow to pass without correction. Mr. Oman says:

"It is a pity that one coin which possesses the highest historical interest of all the Ionian issues is not in the Museum's possession. We refer to the piece struck by the exiled Themistocles during his tenure of the tyranny of Magnesia, bestowed on him by King Artaxerxes I. after his flight from Athens. This didrachm, whose types are a standing Apollo and an Eagle, is unique, the only known specimen being at Paris."

Now this assertion that the British Museum does not possess a specimen of the coinage of Themistocles is so precise that I can only infer from it that Mr. Oman's strange oversight may be due to his having looked only at the plates, and neglected to examine the text of the work.

On p. 158 I have given a detailed description of the Magnesian coin of Themistocles in the British Museum, and on p. xlv. of my Introduction I also refer to it, explaining its light weight by the fact that it is a *plated* coin. In this one respect the Museum specimen, though far less well preserved than the Paris coin, is of even greater interest; and its plating of silver over a copper core has sometimes been cited by numismatists (wrongly, as I think,) as being confirmatory of the reputation for trickery

with which the name of Themistocles is associated.

The Museum coin was acquired in 1841 from Mr. Thomas Burgon; but its historical importance was at that time unsuspected. The credit of identifying the coinage of Themistocles is due to M. Waddington, who published the De Luynes specimen in 1856.

BARCLAY V. HEAD.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE winter exhibition of 1893-4 at the New Gallery will consist of examples of the art of Italy from the commencement of the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century. It will include the schools of Florence, Milan, Siena, and Rome, omitting those of Venice and its dependencies, which will be reserved for a separate exhibition on a future occasion. Examples will be presented of the following arts:—Painting, sculpture (carvings in marble, stucco, terracottas, wood, ivory, &c.; castings in bronze; plaques, coins and medals), books (manuscripts and printed books, illuminations, bindings, &c.), orfèverie (gold and silver work; gems, enamels, and jewelry), pottery (Majolica, Sgraffiato, and Luca Della Robbia ware), textiles and embroidery (tapestry, needlework, and lace), engraving, metal work (wrought and inlaid iron and steel; arms and armour), and furniture. It is intended to hold similar exhibitions at the New Gallery in future years, illustrating the arts of France, Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, and England.

It is doubtful whether a complete collection of the works of the late Albert Moore will be formed for exhibition; but a certain number of his productions have been secured, we hear, for the Grafton Gallery.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Winter Exhibition will be that of a loan collection of Japanese metal and lacquer work.

THE winter exhibition season is now at its height. The following will all open next week: the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, Piccadilly; the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street; a collection of paintings and drawings by Mr. Albert Goodwin, at the Fine Art Society's; a collection of eighty water-colour drawings, painted on the Thames from Oxford to Greenwich, by Mr. Max Ludby, at the Dowdeswell Galleries—both in New Bond-street; a collection of silver-point drawings by Mr. Charles Sainton, entitled "Flights of Fancy," at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond-street; and the ninth annual exhibition of ancient brocades and art needlework, at Messrs. Howell and James's, Regent-street.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON, PERCIVAL & Co. will publish immediately *Inigo Jones and Wren*: or the Rise and Decline of Modern Architecture in England, by Mr. W. J. Loftie, with illustrations. In this book an attempt is made to unravel the history of Inigo Jones's two great designs for Whitehall, and also to elucidate the different schemes made by Wren for St. Paul's. The illustrations are mainly from published plates, largely supplemented by photographs, especially of those charming buildings of the transitional period, which are to be found in the West Country, where the Bath stone forms such a ready vehicle for the expression of poetry in stone.

THE Queen, we are pleased to hear, has given permission to Mr. D. Croal Thomson (the editor) to reproduce in the *Art Journal*, during next year, certain of the famous drawings by old masters, which have not heretofore been published, and which have long been housed in the Library at Windsor Castle. Mr. R. R.

Holmes, the Royal Librarian, has undertaken to furnish to the *Art Journal* such text as may be found desirable in elucidation and description of these interesting works of art. To the January number of the same review Mr. Humphry Ward will contribute a paper *à propos* of the great new work on Rembrandt, of which the English edition will by that time have seen the light; while, later in the year, Mr. Frederick Wedmore is expected to discuss a subject with which his name is often associated. Both in the matter of writing and of illustration, the new programme of the *Art Journal* will be found spirited.

MISS BRODRICK will deliver four lectures on "Ancient Egypt," at the Chelsea Club, Fulham-road, on Wednesdays at 3.30 p.m., beginning on November 22. The lectures will be illustrated with magic lantern views, and supplemented by demonstrations at the British Museum.

WE quote the following from the *Oxford Magazine*, with regard to the excavations carried out during the autumn on the site of Doclea, in Montenegro, by Messrs. Munro, Anderson, and Milne, assisted by M. Paul Rovinski:

"The site scarcely answered to the picture that had been drawn of it, but some useful work was done. A good crop of Latin inscriptions was reaped, much historical and archaeological material was put on record, and several new discoveries were made. The most important of these last are—a sixth century Christian basilica, and a smaller church or baptistery of perhaps earlier date. The basilica, no doubt the cathedral church of Doclea, measures about 100 feet by 60. The plan of the building is perfect, and presents novel and interesting features. Many of the columns are in situ, the platform for the high altar and the foundations of the bishop's throne remain, and the mosaic pavements of aisles and narthex are fairly complete, forming a valuable addition to the scanty number of Byzantine mosaics still preserved. The small church is cruciform, with shallow transepts and a small apse. One would take it for a first century building, judging by the solid construction and excellence of workmanship displayed; but it has now been proved, by inscriptions and fragments built into the walls, to be erected out of fragments of a great Roman civil basilica, which is the principal architectural monument of the site. These two churches, being above suspicion of late restoration, may compare in their interest for students of church architecture with the basilica of Salona. It is hoped that Mr. T. G. Jackson—who is now on the coast, superintending the building of the campanile of the cathedral of Zara—will visit Doclea and pronounce upon the new discoveries."

THE STAGE.

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY AND THE COMEDY THEATRE.

SEVERAL months' abstinence from playgoing has generally this effect upon any true lover of the theatre—that, when the playgoing is resumed, the bad seems only indifferent, the indifferent at least tolerable, the tolerable very interesting, and the interesting absolutely excellent. But somehow I don't think that my own mood on Monday night, at the Comedy, was quite the one in which these pleasant illusions are upheld. There is little, I think, to discount; little to make allowance for—what seemed good was good in reality. I was not enthusiastic, but I was satisfied. Mr. Comyns Carr is much to be congratulated on having opened his theatre with a piece alike wholesome and clever, and with a performance finished and excellent. The faults of the play—whatever may be the

occasional deficiencies of the players—are faults of almost trivial detail. Let us mention one or two of them at once, and get them out of the way.

The title, to begin with—"Sowing the Wind"—is an absolute misnomer. The wind has all been sown when the curtain rises on the first act. "Reaping the Whirlwind" is, in truth, the process to which, from the beginning to the end of the play, the characters are subjected. The mistakes and the wrong doings are all of them in the past. The entanglement, the embroilment, and the amends, are in the present. Again, the action of the piece is laid about 1820, when, as Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and the existing dramas and novels of the period abundantly remind us, people's talk was in a form often curiously different from the talk of our day. Now Mr. Sydney Grundy—a writer of the most vigorous contemporary English—has pretty much confined his excursions into the talk of 1820 to the invention or discovery of the singular expletive, "Smash my topper!"—a remark in which his Sir Richard Cursitor indulges continually. Furthermore, the "half-world" is referred to as "Bohemia." I do not speak positively; I speak interrogatively—how long before the days of Henri Mürger was the term "Bohemia" employed? Yet again—they are details always—it appears incongruous to hear a gentleman in Hessian boots, a blue coat, and a buff waistcoat, say "since when" for "how long ago?" Depend upon it, it had not in 1820 been thought necessary to use, instead of good English, an English literal translation of "*Depuis quand*." Lastly—but now I am referring to the scenery, and doubtless I shall be thought hypercritical—the illumination of the room (Ned Annesley's Chambers, Act II.) is very distinctly, in its level light, the illumination of early morning or of late afternoon; yet Rosamund reminds Ned Annesley in the dialogue, that it is "twelve o'clock."

And now these trivial little matters—deserving of some attention, nevertheless—having been cleared away, there remains but to pay tribute to the interest of the quite simple story, to the conception of character, and to the unfaltering vigour of the talk. The piece is quite long enough; and the dialogue in the early part of the first act might still, I think, be "cut" with advantage—the length of that act reduced by about five minutes. Afterwards, the conversation is nearly all of it actually required—it is pointed, it bears distinctly on the course and elucidation of the story. The characters—those at least that are of any importance—are few, and the intrigue is but little complicated. After the fashion of the day—from *Docteur Pascal* downwards—there is an elderly hero and a quite young heroine. But the hero in "Sowing the Wind" is not the lover. There is a lover, who is an amiable and practically blameless youth; but the interest attaching to him is as nothing in comparison of that which attaches to the man of whom he is the adopted son—the man to whose illegitimate daughter he is pledged and will certainly marry.

Not until the play is very far advanced does

the widower, Mr. Brabazon, become aware that any child had ever been his; the secret had been kept from him by the woman who bore her, and who, when she left what is generally described as his "protection," left him to go almost inevitably along a downward path. A considerable portion of the drama is occupied by the efforts of Mr. Brabazon, aided by his quaint and faithful friend Mr. Watkin, to frustrate the alliance between the adopted son, Ned Annesley, and the young woman Rosamund, who is not yet recognised, or dreamt of, as being the actual daughter. Rosamund, who has known how to keep straight, in a life of very tortuous paths—for her mother had brought her up under the roof of that offensive roué and exhausted buck, Lord Petworth—follows the career of a public singer. Loving Annesley, she yet will not accept his hand against the desire of his guardian. Mr. Brabazon—stung to do it—speaks to her in harsh and direct terms as to the discredit of her up-bringing, as to the faults of her mother, as to the exactions and sometimes the undue privileges of her sex. And, while defending her mother and becoming the advocate of her own sex, and the accuser of his, she recognises that there is a measure of truth in that which Mr. Brabazon has asserted. Mr. Brabazon relents to a great extent before he discovers that his contest is with his own child. When he discovers it, he sees in her existence and her charm the satisfaction of a great craving for woman's affection and the chances of a new happiness. Rosamund will, of course, become the wife of Ned Annesley; Mr. Brabazon will be more comfortable than for many years past; and his great pal, the irascible yet kindly Mr. Watkin, must needs accept a solution of the matter which is not such as he had expected or deemed most fitting. And in all this story I do not find the probabilities outraged; I do not discover that Mr. Sydney Grundy has at any point neglected to read aright the instincts of human nature. He has treated character with an unconventionality and an understanding far more frequently met with in narrative fiction than on the stage; and in the middle and later portions of his drama he has written with a terseness, fearlessness, and force which must have earned commendation had they been displayed in that other form of writing—in the long or short story—with which at all events the reading public is more inclined to associate a distinctively literary skill. As for the moral of his piece, it is good and wholesome, but one must nowadays crave pardon for mentioning it. There are quarters in which a healthy tone is voted a blemish, and a wholesome moral a positive offence.

Lastly, as to the acting. It is, broadly speaking, of the modern and restrained order. Time was when the troubles of Mr. Brabazon, and the interesting woes of Rosamund, would have found more violent exposition than any they could receive at the hands of Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Winifred Emery. By these artists the modesty of nature is assuredly not overpassed. I am not prepared to say, indeed, that, not with ranters, of course,

nor conventional melodramatic players, but with powerful dramatic geniuses in these characters, the effects would not, at least here and there, have been more thrilling. Here and there, indeed, there was a suspicion of under-acting; but it was a suspicion only. On the whole, no reasonable audience could fail to be satisfied and touched by the refinement, the *intimité*, of the impersonations of Mr. Thomas and of Miss Emery. Rarely have I seen Mr. Thomas so convincing—it is not invariably given to him to be sympathetic; and never have I seen Miss Emery live so completely and sufficiently in the storm-tossed character she assumes, or bring to its realisation an intelligence more delicate and a charm more tender.

All the other characters are, in reality, minor parts: even Mr. Cyril Maud's—an eccentric part, as usual, and played and dressed most ingeniously. Yet much of it is up-hill work; it cannot be altogether sympathetic; it cannot be altogether entertaining: only by effort unrelaxed and well-advised can it be made, as it is made, important. Young Mr. Sydney Brough plays pleasantly and with a touch of old-world ceremoniousness as the lover. Mr. Ian Robertson, despite the presence of several little ways he has learnt too obviously from Mr. Irving, gives a not unsatisfactory character sketch of that weaker Lord Steyne, known in the present play as Lord Petworth. Mr. Dennis is a good attorney-at-law of the old school—a personal acquaintance probably, certainly a contemporary, of Mr. Tulkington's. Mr. Edmund Maurice is full of colour as Sir Richard Cursor. Miss Annie Hughes plays, with great point and with incisive humour, a part that is hardly worthy of her. Miss Rose Leclercq—this time wholly amusing and never lachrymose—gives distinction to a certain Mrs. Fretwell, who would fain marry her daughter to the adopted son of Mr. Brabazon, and who retains to the last an old, crusty country prejudice against the actress and the singer. The type, of course, is not new, but it is skilfully limned. The play and the performance are probably about the best, as a whole, to be seen in London this October.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE Shakspeare Reading Society announces for performance at the Royalty Theatre, on November 9, 10, and 11, the comedy of "Measure for Measure," which is to be given under the conditions for which it was composed—the conditions, that is, of the Shaksperian stage. There will be no scenery. The stage itself will be after the model of that of the sixteenth century, and it will be flanked with groups of spectators in the costume of that period. Exceedingly interesting will it be to note the dramatic effect upon the modern playgoer of work executed under these conditions. A long and influential list of "patrons," or upholders, of the enterprise shows the curiosity that obtains among many highly cultivated, and even fashionable, people to witness an experiment which the skill and care of Mr. William Poel and his associates are preparing with the best chances of success. The honorary secretary of the Shakspeare Reading Society—

who will afford information—is Miss Handson, of 13, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square. We may add that the scheme, while apparently simple, is in reality both laborious and costly. It will cost a hundred guineas merely to produce the "Shaksperian stage," apart from all expenses of costume.

MISS HONOR BROOKE—herself a most intelligent and even poetic reader—proposes to form a small class for the practice of Shakspeare reading. Particulars may be learnt on application to Miss Brooke, at Vallombrosa, 40, Abbey-road, St. John's Wood.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Recollections of Countess Theresa Brunswick. By Miriam Tenger, translated by Gertrude Russell. (Fisher Unwin.) Beethoven's letter addressed to "the Immortal Beloved" has given rise to much discussion. Schindler, his early biographer, thought that it was written to the Countess Guicciardi. Mr. A. W. Thayer, after due reflection, decides in favour of the Countess Theresa Brunswick; and in the little book under notice, Miriam Tenger confirms that decision by "certain communications from the lips of the Countess Theresa herself." From these it appears that there was a secret engagement between Beethoven and the Countess, which, after four years' duration, came abruptly to an end in 1810. The conversations with the Countess that are here related are very interesting; but, without doubting the good faith of either lady, the critical reader cannot forget that the Countess was speaking of events which happened many years previously, and that the author, in her turn, has written down the conversations from memory. In her preface she says, "Deeply do I regret the loss of my diaries, which would have been a valuable authority and help for my present sketch of this admirable woman." Still it must be admitted that Miriam Tenger and Mr. Thayer between them make out a very strong case. And yet the difficulty, acknowledged by Mr. Thayer, of determining the year in which the letter was written, and the strong evidence (the "Conversations-Heft" of 1823) brought forward by Schindler in support of the Guicciardi theory, must be taken into consideration. There is another matter, also, which makes one hesitate. If Beethoven was engaged to the Countess of Brunswick from 1806 to 1810, it is, to say the least, curious that during the same period he should have paid such attention to Therese Malfatti. How deep that attachment was we know from a written statement by the niece of that lady, and from a piece of writing in the hand of Beethoven himself. It has even been stated that he made an offer to her. The problem may not be a burning question, and yet, in connexion with the great composer, the smallest matters become of interest. Whatever may be the solution of this vexed question—if, indeed, it is ever destined to be solved—the story of that remarkable woman, the Countess Theresa Brunswick (cousin, by the way, of the far-famed beauty, Julia Guicciardi) in Miriam Tenger's book will be perused with deep interest. The translation is good. But there is a slip on page 91, where the B should be B flat.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

A NEW pianoforte Quartet in B minor (Op. 14), by Robert Kahn, was produced at the first Saturday Popular Concert of the season. The composer was born in 1865, and studied under Capellmeister Frank and Vincenz Lachner. He

has written many songs, of which report speaks favourably. The Quartet is a work of considerable interest, and seems to deserve a second hearing; for on Saturday it was, unfortunately, placed at the end of a very long programme. The opening movement, an *Allegro ma non troppo*, contains good thematic material and clever developments; the Coda is particularly striking. The Andante commences with a placid theme, in which the influence of Mendelssohn is felt; that influence, indeed, extends throughout the whole movement. The Finale is lively, and canonic workings of various kinds testify to its cleverness. The performance, by Miss Fanny Davies, Mlle. Wietrowetz, and Messrs. Gibson and Whitehouse, was good and sympathetic. Miss Davies played as solo Beethoven's "Waldstein"

Sonata. In the matter of technique there was little fault to find; but her reading, especially of the first movement, was singularly tame. Of all Beethoven's Sonatas there is none in which the *brío* element is so essential. Mlle. Wietrowetz gave a refined reading of Max Bruch's graceful Romance in A. Though the piece cannot produce its proper effect with pianoforte accompaniment, Mr. Henry Bird, the accompanist, did his best. He also deserves praise for his share in the Gounod songs artistically sung by M. E. Oudin.

MESSRS. CHAPPELL & Co. are about to publish a new edition of *The Old English Popular Music*, with preface and notes, and the earlier examples entirely revised, by Mr. H. Ellis Wooldridge.

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